
THE LEAGUE
OF THE
IROQUOIS
HATHAWAY

Antiquarian Booksellers Center N.Y. 1977



Yours Truly
Benj Hathaway

"Do thou thy work, then trust the Gods' decree.
That as thy work thy recompense shall be."

Engd by H.B. Hall & Sons, 13 Bardclay St. N.Y.

THE LEAGUE

OF

THE IROQUOIS,

AND

OTHER LEGENDS.

FROM THE INDIAN MUSE.

BY

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

"They waste us; aye, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away,
And fast they follow as we go
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea."

BRYANT.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

CHICAGO:

1882.

All Souls, however small or great,
Through knowledge find their use and place:
Make Thou, to olden crimes efface,
This least return, O Sovereign State!
Unto a wronged—a noble Race.

So shall they strong in Virtue stand,
Your honored peers: as wise, as free,
As loyal, brave:—nor longer be
But aliens in their Father-Land,
But debtors to your Charity.

PRESS OF DONNELLEY, GASSETTE & LOYD.

COPYRIGHTED, 1880, BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY

TO MY WIFE.

The Wife, if gifted in all household ways
Where Home has fair its sacred altar reared,
Is worthy of all praise—
Aye! precious, far beyond all treasure, is
The heart that makes the hearthstone love-endeared
With gentle ministries.

Yet how much more is honor due—IF AUGHT
BE DUE TO LOVE—*to Thee*—*her, who like thee,*
In realms of Mind hath sought
A wider province for her wifely part;
O Wife and Friend in one!—*whose ministry*
Is to both mind and heart.

Therefore the Poet brings this tribute meet;
Trusting that Hope will true her promise keep:
Who in the noon-day heat
Together stand to sow Life's fallow lea
With Thought and Deed,—*that they together reap*
The Harvest yet TO BE.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is to the Mythologies of the primitive races that we are to look for the expression of the earliest poetic, religious and philosophic thought of Mankind.

While the Folk-lore of the Old World has long been made the subject of research and poetic elaboration, the Mythology of the North American Indians has received comparatively little attention.

What the Eddas were to Scandinavian Europe; what the Greek Mythology was to the Hellenic mind; what the story of Buddha, with all its clustering fables, is to Hindoo and Mongolian; what the teachings of Christ are to the Christian world,— the revelation, in some sort, of a divine love and wisdom, around which gather the deepest affections, the purest hopes and aspirations of the human soul;— such, undoubtedly, were to the Red Men the body of their myths and legends, of which but a meager store has been left to us.

There is in these fragmentary traditions abundant evidence that they are the architecture of a religion, a part of the world's sacred literature — the Scriptures of the Ages; scattered rays of Divine Truth come down from above, clothed in such imagery as the then development of the Race made possible of apprehension.

In the broader light of a universal interpretation we see in these legends the essentials of all Religious truth; the idea of God, of immortality and an eternal world; the recognition of good and evil; and in some form, however imperfect, the same injunctions and requirements that are the burden of the Christian Bible; and though their standard is not our standard, they show that even the Savage may perceive somewhat of the inevitable deformity of Vice and the infinite beauty of Virtue.

Though in many forms and with a great diversity of detail, one central legend underlies the whole system of Indian Mythology. Under various names, as that of Micabou, Chi-a-bo, Manabo-zho, Ta-ren-ya-wa-go and Ha-yo-went-ha, are rehearsed the marvelous achievements of one and the same remarkable personage; the central idea in each being that of a Divine Man; one of miraculous birth and superhuman attributes sent among the Indians from the Great Spirit. He subdues the monsters of the forest and the rivers; he teaches the Red Men to use the bow and arrow in war and in the chase, to build their wigwams, to grow corn and beans, and to be noble and brave.

Whether or not, at some remote period, there existed among them one of wonderful powers, answering in any degree to the idea in the Indian mind, it is not important to inquire. That such was the fact seems not improbable, as will readily be conceded by those who hold the belief in any divine interposition in the affairs of men. Those who accept the teaching that Christ had a divinely appointed mission to the world, will not find it hard to believe that the Infinite would send a messenger of life and light to the benighted Children of the Wilderness as well as to the more enlightened Race.

It would be interesting to point out the coincidences between the miracles wrought by the Great Teacher and those ascribed to these Heathen Divinities. Christ walked upon the water: Ha-yo-went-ha's canoe went without paddles. Christ raised the dead; Manabo-zho had a like power over the *gi-bi*, or departed spirit. Christ multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed the multitude: their Manitoes could create abundance in seasons of want. The parallel might be still further extended; nor would the comparison make all the so-called miracles seem less, but more, as being the result of a universal law that makes like marvels possible, at all times, and among all men; at least,—that causes like beliefs in them to take root among peoples widely diverse.

In whatever light they may be read, these legends will have a growing interest, as being the only records of the faith of a fast-passing race; and as the truest index of the inner life of a people that possessed noble traits, which it will be well to remember and cherish.

If the White Race, possessed of all the advantages of civilization, are to be judged by their highest attainments in Art, Science, Literature and the noblest examples of character that they have developed, surely the unlettered dwellers in the forest should not be subjected to a more rigorous rule. If Cicero was in any sense the height of Rome, then the eloquence of a Gar-an-gu-la, a Sa-go-ye-wat-ha and a Sken-an-do should be taken as the measure of the Indian's intellectual attainments. The same rule should apply in regard to other qualities, as the love of freedom, the power of endurance, of self-sacrifice and courage.

These characteristics, that were so strikingly exhibited by the more warlike of the Indian race, and that were possessed in common by many of the northern tribes, reached in the Iroquois their highest expression and finest exemplification.

"The Iroquois is the Indian of Indians," says Parkman. "In this remarkable family of tribes occur the fullest development of Indian character, and the most conspicuous examples of Indian intelligence."

Previous to the discovery of the Continent by Columbus the scattered tribes had joined themselves together in a League of Alliance, the principles of which have been the wonder of philosophers, and with a governmental polity that has won the admiration of statesmen.

Of the date of the confederacy of the Five Nations — the great Aquan-uschi-oni League — there can be only conjecture. The native historian, David Cusic, gives a chronology of thirteen successions of chiefs before the appearance of the White Man. There is probably in this record an element of truth; all that is certainly known, however, is that these uncivilized tribes, banded together for a common end of protection and defense, and not always in accord, surrounded by other tribes more savage than themselves, with only the bow and arrow and the rudest implements of warfare, not only held together for hundreds of years, but steadily grew in strength, intelligence, material comforts and social amenities.

Mr. Morgan says, in his League of the Iroquois: "They achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organization, and acquired a higher degree of influence, than any other race of Indian lineage, except those of Mexico and

Peru. In the drama of European colonization they stood for nearly two centuries with an unshaken front against the devastations of war, the blighting influence of foreign intercourse, and the still more fatal encroachments of a restless and advancing border population. Under their federal system the Iroquois flourished in independence, and capable of self-protection, long after the New England and Virginia races had surrendered their jurisdictions, and fallen into the condition of dependent nations; and they now stand forth upon the canvas of Indian history, prominent alike for the wisdom of their civil institutions, their sagacity in the administration of the League, and their courage in its defense."

Though to-day there remains only a remnant of the once proud and powerful Iroquois Confederation; though it paled and waned before the mighty tide of the White Toilers; it has left a name that shall not be blotted out while the love of liberty remains, and the voice of eloquence has power to move the hearts of men.

In the following poem the writer has aimed to give, in an intimately related series of pictures, the story, as embodied in the Iroquois tradition, of the origin of the Confederation, and especially all that relates to the part the great personage of Indian Mythology — Ha-yo-went-ha — took in the formation of the League; a league all the more wonderful, originating, as it did, among savage tribes, whose literature was confined to oral traditions and picture-writing; and whose arts were bounded by the bow and arrow, rude stone implements, the dressing of skins and their manufacture into clothing, and to the growing, in the most primitive manner, of a few products of the soil.

Whatever of thought, of feeling or belief the author has embodied in the League of the Iroquois, he holds to be but the legitimate interpretation of the customs and legends in which he finds alike the subject for his pen and the inspiration of his Muse. If he has softened and modified their forms as they existed in a rude barbarous age, it is but in keeping with a well recognized license, without which any original, poetic treatment of his subject would be impossible.

Instead of following to the letter any one form of the story, he has chosen rather to take from several their poetic features; or, when departing from them all, he has still endeavored to keep true to their spirit,— to the highest conceptions of the Indian mind. And that he might write a poem that should be recognized as true to nature, not alone as the White Man understands nature, he has sought to invoke a Muse that could see as the Red Man saw, could feel as he felt; and that could — so far as the impediments of language will permit — interpret to us the facts and experiences of the marvelous world in which the Indian dwells,— one that will be found to be, nevertheless, a very human world.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

DEDICATION, - - - - - - - - - - - - III.

INTRODUCTION, - - - - - - - - - - - V.

THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS.

CHAPTER I. PROEM, - - - - - - - - - - 3

" II. THE FORE-WORLD, - - - - - - 9

" III. THE COMING OF HAYO-WENT-HA, - - - 27

" IV. THE WONDROUS DEEDS, - - - - - 37

" V. HAYO-WENT-HA'S JOURNEYING, - - - 49

" VI. SONG OF HAYO-WENT-HA, - - - - 59

" VII. NYAH-TAH-WANTA, - - - - - - 69

" VIII. THE WOOING, - - - - - - - - 83

" IX. SONG OF NYAH-TAH-WANTA, - - - 97

" X. THE BRIDAL, - - - - - - - - 105

" XI. THE AFTER DAYS, - - - - - - 117

" XII. THE COUNCIL, - - - - - - - - 135

" XIII. SPEECH OF HAYO-WENT-HA, - - - - 153

" XIV. HAYO-WENT-HA'S MOURNING, - - - 163

" XV. THE LEAGUE, - - - - - - - - 171

" XVI. THE FEAST, - - - - - - - - 183

" XVII. HAYO-WENT-HA'S PARTING WORDS, - - 195

" XVIII. HAYO-WENT-HA'S DEPARTURE, - - 205

" XIX. THE BROKEN HEART, - - - - - - 215

" XX THE BETTER LAND, - - - - - - 225

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAGE.

WINONA, - - - - - - - - - - - 239

THE GREAT SNAKE OF CANANDAIGUA.

[A SENECA TRADITION.]

CHAP. I. ORIGIN OF THE SENECA NATION, - - 253

" II. THE GREAT SNAKE, - - - - - 257

" III. THE BATTLE, - - - - - - - 261

" IV. THE VICTORY, - - - - - - - 266

THE SHINING MANITO, - - - - - - - 271

THE FLOOD, - - - - - - - - - - 274

ORIGIN OF THE RED WILLOW, - - - - - 278

THE BEAR-WIFE, - - - - - - - - - 281

SHIN-GE-BIS, - - - - - - - - - - 288

SPEECH OF ME-TEY-A, - - - - - - - 291

THE LAST OF THE HUNTER RACE, - - - - 294

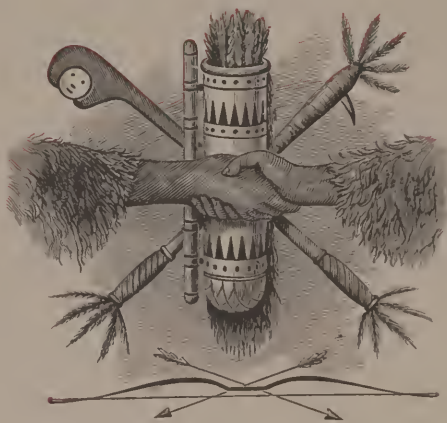
NOTES, - - - - - - - - - - - - 299

VOCABULARY, - - - - - - - - - - 317

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

	PRONOUNCED	
HAYO-WENT-HA.	*(Hä-yo-went-hä)*	The great Mythological Hero of the Iroquois. The founder of the League.
NYAH-TAH-WANTA.	*(Ne-ah-täh-wäntä)*	Smile of the Great Spirit. Bride of Hayo-went-ha.
MANABO-ZHO.	*(Man-a-bó-zho)*	The great Mythological Hero of the Algonquins.
MANITO.	*(Man-i-to)*	Guardian Spirit.
INIGORIO.	*(In-i-gó-ri o)*	The Good Mind.
OWAY-NEO.	*(O-way-né-o)*	The Great Spirit.
OSSEO.	*(Os-sé-o)*	A famous Magician.
OWENEE.	*(O-we-neé)*	Bride of Osseo.

SCENE. Onondaga and the Lake Region of Central New York



THE LEAGUE

OF THE

IROQUOIS.

Seen from afar the rude barbaric years
Are dark with blood and rapine, wrong and crime,
Wherein alone the Savage Man appears ,
Yet near beheld, from the remotest time
A human soul dwelt in each stalwart form,
And Beauty's smile a grace to Woman lent ;
Throbbed human hearts with human passions warm,
Though sheltered by the wigwam's barky tent.

I

PROEM.

No more — alas! why still recall
What to the Past must still belong?
No more — what other word can fall
To make a fuller sorrow-song?
No more return the days gone by;
The troubled winds, with ceaseless moan,
In sough and sob, in wail and sigh,
Still blend their anguish with my own.

In vain the aching breast enfolds
Each scene it may no longer see,
Save that some drops of comfort holds
The hallowed urn of memory.
Though vain we mourn a glory fled —
The fairest forms no longer fair,
A cheerful song for loved ones dead
May win us from more fell despair.

I thread the forest lone. I wait
Where once your sheltering wigwams stood,
Bewailing your untimely fate,
My People of the wild and wood.
No more as in the olden days
Shall here your hunter-bow be bent,
Where, learned in nature's simple ways,
You dwelt in lowly life content.

O fallen Braves! forevermore
You crystal floods that leap and toss,
Shall wail along their saddened shore,
Deploring so love's olden loss.
While rolling suns shall burn and glow,
The seasons crown the waiting years,
The fairest Summer's cheek shall show
Some grief-betokening trace of tears.

No pilgrim wind that homeless sings
But murmurs of departed braves;
No zephyr o'er the wild that wings
But lingers by forgotten graves.
Soft through the twilight's silver sheen,
Methinks the glimmering stars above
Far shining in the blue serene,
Bend low with pitying eyes of love.

And often to my tearful eye,
When yonder orbs grow dim and pale,
Tall, painted, sable forms go by,
And on the night-winds shriek and wail.
Oh! dusky shades do verily haunt
The failing ground on which I tread;
Or out of love's unweaning want
Is born a semblance of the dead.

And once familiar voices call,
Sad as the night-bird's mournful cries.
From out the hush at twilight-fall
Where prone each tented roof-tree lies;
Or where the latest watch-fire shone,
Or plume-crowned warrior lingered last;
Where darkly rests each fading, lone
Memento of a glory passed.

Mementos?—ah! where shall I turn
For relics of the things that were?
No fragment of life's broken urn
Rests by each empty sepulcher;
Of noblest breasts beneath the sands
Is left no monumental trace;
No grave-posts set by loving hands,
No to-tems mark their dwelling place.

Ye lingering few who weakly stand
Where strong of old your fathers stood!
The rulers in a mighty land—
Unmeasured leagues of wave and wood!
Ye proudly keep, howso bereft,
Still of the bold heroic will,
Though of that realm to you are left
But narrow belts of vale and hill.

Where once you bore the warrior-bow
Or fleetly led the hunter-chase,
Now, fate-constrained, you reap and sow—
Now toil as doth the Toiler-race.
If others plant on fairer wold,
And harvest more of golden ears,
I this recall, that they do hold
The vantage of a thousand years.

Though silent, yours a soul intense;
Still is the dusky breast imbued
With slumbering fire, whose eloquence
Once thrilled the forest solitude.
And when the thoughts that hold and thrall
In other speech take form again,
You, standing in the council-hall,
Shall stir anew the hearts of men.

Though war to-day could but degrade,
Has lost for you its use and place,
It was your warrior-bow that made
You first among the Dusky Race.
And though our shrinking souls abhor
The cruel deed, the wild excess,
The valor that is born of war
Is kin to every nobleness.

It was the foe, fierce, brave and strong,
Who for your homes contending stood,
That brought the need which wrought erelong
Your mighty League of Brotherhood.
And though it only lives in name,
Or on the bold historic page,
O keep its bright, proud hero-fame
Unsullied still from age to age!

And were it better so, did they—
The fore-time virtues—still remain?
The virtues of one race and day
May be another's vice and bane.
Though nevermore to warrior bold
Shall time renew each glorious deed,
Still to the Bond in spirit hold,
The precepts of its founder heed.

On him to whom your lofty fame
You owe, still let your reverence wait:
Give honor due the noble name
Of Hayo-went-ha. good and great.
Among you as in days of old
May love-inspiring chieftains stand:
Who wise the ancient lore unfold
Hid in the sacred Wampum-band.

And what the Future hath in store
I would not, if I might, divine;
Enough for you, that evermore
The Past all glorious shall shine.
Wherein till Time's corroding hand
Has made all valor's records dim,
The Iroquois shall proudly stand
For daring deeds the synonym.

THE FORE-WORLD.

Vast fields unfenced save by the purple round
Of the high-arching heavens; the grand on-sweep
Of rivers that far stretch from zone to zone;
Lakes wide out-reaching the horizon's bound;
Hoar mountains wonder-wrapped, sublime and lone;
Woods that in wild unbroken beauty sleep
Age unto age: — a fairer world apart!
Such, Nature building on her larger plan,
With temples, altars, shrines surpassing Art,
Was once the home of the Primeval Man.

II

THE FORE-WORLD.

He that has stood with kindling eye
Owasco's peerless blue beside,
Looked on Cayuga murmuring nigh,
On Canandaigua's tranquil tide,
No more may wonder why to-day
By their bright floods Tradition dwells;
By the clear springs of Seneca
And Onondaga's limpid wells.

To honor with just meed of praise
All noble deeds, the ages wait;
Still from the Past some token stays,
Some record lives of heroes great.
Nor shall ye be of fame bereft,
First on the bold Heroic Page,
While to these lakes and streams are left
Their names—your gift and heritage.

Yet who shall bring the vanished lore—
Of other days the story tell?
Of days while yet their farther shore
Where now the Pale-face strangers dwell,
Was trod alone by dusky braves;
While yet the light canoe was seen
Alone upon their smiling waves,
And wigwams by their marges green.

Though be my loss another's gain,
What comfort to this anguished heart
In boundless fields of golden grain,
In smiling homes and thronging mart?
And turn I oft with longing eyes
From scenes the nearer vision sees,
To those that far and dimly rise,
And deeply cherished more than these.

When all the plain was lapped in calm
To where the horizon deepens down;
Serene embloomed in summer balm
Or robed in autumn's gold and brown;
When stretched a broad unbroken wild
Far as the Morning's eye could trace,
In nature's beauty undefiled,—
The Empire of the Hunter-race.

O peerless realm! of hill and vale,
Of mountain, moorland, wood and glade,
Traced only by the narrow trail
That dusky moccasined feet had made;[3]
Where many a smiling meadow shone,
Fenced by the ether's purple ledge,
With waving grasses overgrown,
High greening to the billows' edge.

O vanished days! no more to be,—
Days when beside these limpid springs
Wide roamed the Elk as fleet and free
As though his very feet had wings.
The Moose his mighty antlers bore
O'er pastures green with kingly rule;
The red Deer flocked each grassy shore—
Stood mirrored in the crystal pool.

What time the patient Beaver wrought—
A type of noblest brotherhood!
As though his meaner soul had caught
The vision of earth's highest good;—
When through an instinct brute and dim,
The dream that haunts the wisest sage
To-day, was realized in him:
Rude prophet of a riper age!

When oft, as winter winds wore chill
And woke the Raven's croak and caw,
Borne on the blast came yelpings shrill
Broke from the Wolf's unsated maw;
As, trailing far some hapless Roe
He circled on the panting beast,
Wild calling through the drifting snow
His fellows to a common feast.

What time the Fox, or late or soon,
Far o'er the glimmering fields away,
Led forth her young beneath the moon
To wily hunt the wary prey;
Or following wide, to snuff the wind,
Of keener scent, in cunning deft,
Her larger unloved kin, to find
If latest surfeit something left.

Or, when sweet Shaw-on-da-see drew
Each pinion fleet from seas remote,
Outwelled from sightless deeps of blue,
The Brand-goose clanged his harsher note;
The while each oft returning spring
The purple sea was softly pressed
By gentle White Swan's snowy wing,
Or daring Osprey's downy breast.

When cloven by Eagle's wing would break
The far horizon's golden edge;
And noisy tell-tale Teal and Drake
Quacked querulous through the reedy sedge:
Or woke a swift-winged clash and clang
As nigh the fierce-beaked Falcon flew:
While to the moon the Sea-owl sang
His doleful note of—"woo-too-woo."

When not alone at morning blush
The Shore-lark woke his piping shrill,
But cleaved afar the sober hush
Of falling twilight, piping still.
Or slow along the river's brink
The wide-winged Fisher darkened by;
Or, where the blue waves rise and sink,
Came up the Sea-crow's lonely cry.

Or, dark from umbrage-shadowed spring
At set of sun, the Bittern drew
His sable-plumed nocturnal wing,
Or woke his hollow "dun-ka-doo."
Or, piercing far the dusky pall
Of storm-bethreatening night, was heard
The Loon's sad, ill-foreboding call—
A lonesome, melancholy bird.

Slow-wading, bent on leech and frog,
The Snipe clacked o'er the reedy moor;
The Pewit from the drift-wood log
Sang "pe-wit" to the drowsy shore.
While harsh and hideous unaware,
The foolish Moor-hen screeched and screamed
Till all the fowls of sea and air,
From ugly contrast fairer seemed.

Deep in the greening willows hid,
Chief of the insect-minstrel throng.
The solemn-trilling Katy-did
Lulled the lone twilight hours with song.
And all the night long twinkled bright
The fitful Fire-fly's flickering lamp;
Or danced afar the fleeting light
Of meteor from the marshy damp.

While over all, night's mournful bird
In plaintive numbers, wild and shrill,
At eve or rising dawn was heard—
The sad-complaining Whippoorwill.
No sound amid the sounds I hear
At morning's flush or vesper's sigh
Falls soothing on this listening ear
As fell that long-lost lullaby.

Yet not for Nature's loss alone
I share in Nature's grief and tears;
Each wild beast fled or free bird flown
Love's deeper loss the more endears.
Each tenant of the woods and streams,
Linked to a fairer glory fled,
Unto the anguished spirit seems
A portion of the loved and dead.

* * * * *

Ere deep athwart night's sable gloom
With flashing like a falling star
First broke the cannon's awful boom,
Or venturous voyager's song afar,
The while his white sail fluttered free,
Or gay with moonlight silver furled,
Came o'er the softly-flowing sea
Like whispers from the under-world;—

Here by the flood the dusky brave
Looked from his wigwam's lowly door
To hear the sweetly vocal wave
Low-lapsing on a quiet shore;
To see the days go tranquil by,
The starry nights in peaceful rest;
As blest in Nature's lap to lie
As infant on its mother's breast.

In simple thought content, to him,
Far-gazing from the grassy mound,
The fading ether's silver rim
But seemed the wide world's outer bound.
While in the high o'erarching dome
A fairer land his fancy drew;
The noble warrior's Spirit Home
Lay just beyond its wall of blue.

Serene the radiant seasons wore,
Unstartled, save by rustling reed
Touched by the zephyr's wing that bore
Fair Seg-wun o'er the springing mead;
As forth she came from sunset skies,
Robed in a halo so complete
It only showed to eager eyes
The glory of her shining feet.

Or if, perchance, a wilder moan
Came o'er the water's shadowy gloom,
As with an ill-foreboding tone
The bull-rush waved its airy plume;
Or angry billows boisterous grew
With chafing on the pebbly beach;
Or stormy winds went wailing through
The cedars by the sandy reach;

Or strange, unwonted sounds were heard
Like spirits through the frightened air;
The cry of beast or scream of bird
That sorrow's dim monitions bear;
Or through the midnight wan and pale
Sped angry meteors, glaring red;
Or down the gloom-enmantled vale
Stole moccasined warriors' stealthy tread;

Or fiery War's dread rumor came,
And on the sky fell portents stood
To kindle wide the battle-flame,
Uplift the war-ax, stained with blood;—
Here oft, with warrior-bow unstrung,
He long on bear-skin couch reclined;
Nor heard in lays the wild winds sung
The discord of the march of Mind.

Or, as the long day slowly wore,
With eager eye and wary tread,
And feathered quiver's flinty store,
Far followed where the wild deer fled.
Or when, in hunter pleasures loose,
The chase to frenzied passion grew,
He fleetly tracked the flying Moose
To hills beyond the farthest blue.

The while the matron's busy hand
To beauty charmed the lonely day;
Glad toiling for her dusky band,
And him, the hunter, far away.
No needful labor held in scorn—
Content to dig the fruitful plain,
To plant, or pluck the ripened corn
Or patient pound the golden grain.

While tawny maids, from moon to moon,
Sat in the rude tent's matted shade
To work the fawn-skin beaded shoon,
Or weave the precious wampum-braid.
Or glad, the frailer bark to run,
Would ply their brown arms, bare and stout;
Or hang the bear-meat in the sun,
Or angle for the fickle trout.

Or, as the sea a glory caught,
Lit by the Leaf-moon shining late,
Untouched of fear that sadly brought
The dear Winona's darker fate,
Enclasped by young brave's manly arm,
By love enhaloed, long would rest
In blissful dreams as wildly warm
As dreams that haunt the fairest breast.

And who shall say a meaner dower
Had she, the dusky forest-child ?
That on her lowly nuptial hour
No sylvan Hymen sweetly smiled ?
To lend for every pain and strife
Love's all-enduring recompense ;
Robe with content her ruder life
And garland it with innocence.

If all unlearned, not vainly learned :
From primal household ways unweaned,
The woman but the woman yearned,
The maiden to the matron leaned ;
To know the rarest joys that be
For hearts that simple loves suffice ;
In marvelous mother-gift to see
The heaven that is in baby eyes.

With tiny feet along the sand
When summer's balmy breezes blew,
Would childhood roam its fairy land,
With cheeks like autumn's ruddiest hue,
That in the sunlight ripened free
To maiden charm or manly grace ;
Nor marvel that I fail to see
The fairer in the paler face.

Unfettered grew each tender thought,
To it no task-time came to vex;
Nor Art her robe unseemly wrought
To mar and outward symbol sex.
Yet beauty shines through all disguise
Unconscious of its loveliness;
And Nature's child is simply wise
In Virtue — all untaught of dress.

Not in the garment's fold or braid,
Nor in the outward form or face,
The heart by tender passions swayed
Has rarer gift of charm and grace.
In voice that woke in gentler tone,
In petted wolf-cub sweet caressed,
In nameless winsome ways out shone
The woman in the maiden breast.

Or on each face with sunshine dyed,
When wandering on the dreary fell,
The growing flush of manly pride
Would manhood's eager life foretell:
As in the instinct of his race
And native health's exuberant glow,
He mimicked wide the hunter-chase,
Or twanged the mimic warrior-bow.

Or, as to riper years he grew,
His hand from meaner toils aloof,
He builded fit his bark canoe,
Or wove the wigwam's reedy roof.
Or when the solemn midnight hour
Shone red, with blazing camp-fires lit,
He led the dance where strength and power
Are firm in limb and muscle knit.

Or, more his greatening heart to show,
Would eager hunt the prowling bear;
Or chase afar the frightened roe,
Or panther to his lonely lair.
Or boldly on to strife and din
Of war's wild turmoil, unafraid;
If only so to woo and win
The beauteous, dark-eyed Indian maid.

Still growing childhood meets my eye
With faces like the drifting snow;
The tread of tiny feet go by.
But not the tiny feet I know.
And happy voices, glad and gay,
Soft murmur like a rippled sea;
But only wake the memory
Of silent voices dear to me.

Though still I see fond yearning eyes
Full-brimming with love's tender bliss.
No other orbs so fair may rise
As hers that lit the wilderness.
And mid the throng, that onward bears
With hurrying like the hurrying waves,
No manly form such greatness wears
As slumbers in the olden graves.

* * * * *

By wooded hills and greening vales
That more the mournful Past endears,
I con the half-forgotten tales,
Time-worn and blotted all with tears,
Of chieftains brave, of warriors bold:
While to my deeply-visioned ken
All forms — the best beloved of old —
That fairer Fore-World throng again.

Of maidens smiling as the sun
By home-bright tents that glimmering show;
Of painted braves that leap and run
Or fearless draw the warrior-bow.
Of youths with fiery hearts and great
Who win the hunter's proudest fame,
Returning from the chase elate,
Full-laden with the hunter's game.

Rejoicing in their happy lot,
They tell of all adventures bold;
Or, every pain and care forgot,
To hearken to the legends old.
They round the winter-fireside sit;
To list, perchance, the aged sire
The story tell of him that lit
The Onondaga Council-fire.

And if my Harp I wake for him
Whose fading memory still delays;
And darkly spell the record dim—
The record of departed days;
Wherein is shown, with little art,
The greatness of his fame and deeds;
Nor record less of human heart
With human cares and human needs;—

No vain renown I seek to win
For one of more than mortal birth;
But only do I strive therein
To more exalt the noble worth
Of him the Red Man loved the most;
Of him I loved—still love no less
Mid Owayneo's Shining Host;
And so would prove love's worthiness.

Whom most we love, the strong or great,
Or wise or good or beautiful.
For whom we strive, for whom we wait
To make life's crowning glory full.
We all exalted souls would move
To love — nor make love's virtue less;
That so, through love these too may prove
Their own all heights of nobleness.

O Love! however much is left
In thee, love cannot cancel pain. —
Sad solace of a heart bereft —
Nor build the vanished years again,
Nor swiftly-lapsing life renew;
Yet will I turn the fading Page
Once more; once more, and then adieu,
A last adieu — thou Primal Age.

THE COMING

—OF—

HAYO-WENT-HA.

Of every good the soul may know
Its aspiration is the seed;
The flowers of bliss that sweetest blow
Spring from a yearning human need;
What destiny love longing waits,
The all-requiting Fates prepare;
The key to all the heavenly gates
Is in the heart's unuttered prayer.

III

THE COMING OF HAYO-WENT-HA.

While yet the rising days were few,
And deeds of wonder had not grown
Too strange and marvelous to be true,—
So all infrequent and unknown;
While yet in wood and waterfall,
In wild waves' toss, in winds that blow,
In cry of beast, in free bird's call
Was heard the voice of Manito:

While yet in river, lake and sea,
Oft heard in summer's twilight calm,
Rude-floundering, dwelt great Unk-ta-he,
The Nee-ba-naw-baigs laved and swam:
And everywhere by vale and hill,
In rock and tree and floweret fair,
Some spirit dwelt of good or ill—
Some spirit of the earth or air;[5]

While yet departed shades that roam
Or in more subtle forms abide,
Shades that alike in shadow-gloam
Or noontide sunshine darkly hide,—
All shapes that are, were seen to be;
Shapes robed in light whose forms of air
Our duller eyes no longer see,
Though thickly thronging everywhere;

While yet to many a kindling eye
Fair in the sunset's painted show
Low bent the Spirit's Home, so nigh,
It glimmering seemed to faint and glow;
So nigh that you might hear the call
Of long-departed braves, or stand
High on some mountain tree-top tall
And climb into the Better Land;

Or far, with wondering sight, behold,
Lit by the ether's fiery bound,
Where dwell the mighty warriors old,
The fairer woods and Hunting Ground;
Or see beyond the cloudy rack,
Through many a purple rift and rent,
Just by the day's departing track,
Great Inigorio's shining tent;[6]

In that far time—how long ago?
What matters if I may not tell
How many suns?—enough to know
That of a truth it so befell;
Of greatest deeds the world hath known,
Of hero-fame the most sublime,
The unremembered years alone
Have record;—in that far-off time.

From Isles beyond the bound of day
Where dwells the mighty Wa-zha-wand,
A magic Chee-maun, far away,
Wide-parting from the Shining Land,—
A magic Chee-maun, winged with flame
And light and fleet as morning sun,
Swift o'er the flashing billows came,
Nor paddle had—nor need of one.

And Him alone it lightly bore,
Bright speeding on the foaming flood,
Him—from that far-off fairer shore—
Him, Hayo-went-ha, great and good;
Low-journeying from Love's radiant place
The people of the wild to bless;
His brethren of the Dusky Race—
The dwellers in the wilderness.

And who may say, as on he drew,
He saw afar a glory shrined;
Nor that his heart turned, yearning, to
A greater glory left behind?
Howe'er it be, still on he held;
While on the tide a splendor shed
That frail canoe, as self-impelled
And like the dawn it onward sped.

And on, and on, and still away,
And still away — and on, and on;
He passed the doorways of the day,
The gateways of the setting sun;
And still away it eager pressed,
More light and fleeter than the swan;
As if the sea with loving breast
Would bear the precious burden on.

Near by enchanted shores he drew,
Saw where the dread Magicians dwell;
But felt no fear, for well he knew
Nor wicked art, nor wizard spell
Had power to harm; his clearer eyes
Saw medicine for every pain,
Saw that on faithful souls and wise
They wrought their evil charms in vain.

Or night or day, still on — the same
Where'er he willed; nor turned aside
When, barring all the way with flame,
He far the Fiery Serpents spied;
But loud he cried, as drawing near,
"Behind you look!!" — with frightful cry
They darted back their heads in fear;
Swift as the wind he passed them by.

Exulting o'er the Reptile race,
With strength he strung his warrior-bow,
Approaching nigh the horrid place,
Though fierce they hiss and writhe and glow;
From out his quiver's full supply
He forth the magic arrows drew;
Them one by one he straight let fly
And all the flaming serpents slew.

Touched with his bark the shadowy lands
That bound the terror-gloomed abyss,
Where Chebia-bos faithful stands
Between that fairer world and this,
The passing soul to lead and guide
Far journeying unto regions blest—
Beyond the realm of darkness wide,
The Better Land of peace and rest.

Swift over crystal seas he sped,
Where thick is strewn the rocky floor
With bones of all the countless dead
That, passing, sank to rise no more:
Though threatening far the billows toss,
His Chee-maun smoothes each angry wave;
The good alone can safely cross
The floods that mortals all must brave.

Still on—till many a land he saw
With seas and mountains looming large:
While many a swarthy brave in awe
Gazed wondering on that fleeting barge:
And still away it tireless bore
On stormy waves or peaceful deeps,
Till light it pressed the pebbly shore
Where Onondaga tranquil sleeps.

Mild shone the kindling summer sun,
Fell soft the vernal breezes bland,
The tide in silver ripples run—
Low murmured, lapsing on the sand:
More radiant afar unrolled
The widening sea with billowy crest,
As shimmering in the sunset gold,
Like rubies flashed each dimpled crest.

Glad verdured smiled the wooded hills
With many a grassy intervale;
Bright interlaced with sparkling rills
And crossed by moccasined hunter's trail;
The home of many a swarthy band
Afar the greening valley showed:
And seeing such a goodly land,
He, Hayo-went-ha, there abode.

His Chee-maun, blest of Manito,
That paddle-bearing hand had none,
But swiftly on the billows drew
With him who lightly willed it on,
That bore him from the Shining Land —
From far beyond the halls of day,
Thence drew he on the pebbly sand
And hid from curious eyes away.

And braves whose sight for joy was dim
Looked on him with a glad surprise;
With friendly speech they welcomed him —
The noble stranger, good and wise.
In him they saw, foretold of old
In fable, oracle and song,
The chieftain great, the warrior bold,
The leader they had waited long.

He that, with more than mortal arm,
With more than mortal strength to do,
Would shield them hence from every harm,
And all their dreaded foes subdue.
Who calling forth each scattered band,
Would them unite, them lead and teach,
Until unto remotest land
The greatness of their fame should reach.

Inwoven with its destiny
There comes a great Ideal Man
To every race; whose prophecy
Afar the waiting years fore-ran.
Such to the wandering tribes was he:
The long-expected Fatherhood
They found in him; the friend to be—
The bringer, he, of every good.

If in the cloudless realms of light—
In heights, transcendent heights above,
Is One whose love is infinite,
His wisdom boundless as his love;
Shall he not all his children heed,
Still mindful of their lightest quest?
And of Himself, as is their need,
Reveal unto the lowliest?

THE WONDROUS DEEDS.

He that would lead a savage Race
Must be himself a savage ; nay !
Be on the war-path, in the chase,
In all things mightier than they.
What knowledge, virtue else hath he,
In worthy work—deeds nobly done—
He best may teach men quick to see
The meaning of a battle won.

IV

THE WONDROUS DEEDS.

With cheerful, labor-bearing hand
And with an art unknown before,
Or only in that Better Land
Away beyond the morning shore,
Where rose Yo-non-to near and large
With Onondaga murmuring nigh,
He built his wigwam on the marge,
A royal wigwam, wide and high.

Far in the fenland, toiling long,
He felled the larches where they grew;
Thence with a willing arm and strong
He forth the waiting timbers drew;
And them upstanding, straight and tall,
Together firm inweaving, he
Wide stretched and battened over all
The bark of many a birchen tree.

And patient wrought he many a day
With sinew-string and barky thong ;
With loop and seam and stitch and stay,
Intent to make it firm and strong ;
Until at length, his labors o'er,
As in the wigwams whence he came,
Bright by the Onondaga shore
He lit the Home-fire's sacred flame.[8]

Of heart of ash-tree, stout and true
He skillful shaped the hunter-bow ;
He wove the trusty cord that drew,
From sinew of the fallen roe ;
With far-resounding blow and dint
He agate from the quarry broke,
And cunning shaped the stubborn flint
With steady hand and patient stroke.

Of rude unshapen stones he brought
From out the deeply-cloven ledge,
He many a rocky missile wrought
With glistening point and keenest edge ;
He fashioned straight the sharpened shaft,
With point of jasper ; to the string
Made fit the arrow's shining haft
And plumed it from the eagle's wing.

Then from his Meda-sack he drew
All things that bear a secret charm;
Of all their potency he knew—
Their power to harm, to shield from harm;
Adorned with beak and claw and shell
His weapons all;—with wizard skill
Wrought into each the magic spell
That fateful is for good or ill. [9]

Or resting from his ruder toil,
He carved and shaped the pot and bowl,
His soup to warm, his meat to boil
And make the wigwam comforts whole;
Or forth he went with shaft and bow,
And many a hairy skin he bore
Of Yek-wai and of O-kwa-ho,
And softly matted all the floor.

To charm and guard his home and place
Its barky sides he pictured fair
With to-tems of his name and race; [10]
Where fierce the Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear
High on its matted cover shone;
Each type and symbol, such as thence
The greatly wise may draw alone
The mystery of the hidden sense.

Then to the wild he stalwart bore
His mighty bow: his shaft released,
Swift-speeding, lo! all red with gore,
Down-bellowing fell each ugly beast
Uno-wul in his horny shell,
Low on the sand and bleeding lay:
Great Yek-wai, mortal-wounded, fell,
The lofty-antlered Me-sha-way.

When Kwan-O-shaish-ta, prowling near,
And hissing like a roaring blast,
Of all the land the scourge and fear,
With scaly feet went writhing past,
With flaming eye-balls glaring red,
With fiery tongue that forkèd drew,—
A hideous serpent, huge and dread;
His shaft the frightful monster slew.[11]

Still far his pointed missiles sped:
The Be-zhu hushed his awful roar,
The O-kwa-ho the Ka-ka fed—
His hungry howl was heard no more;
Kwan-Run-ge-a-gosh on the tide,
Great Ke-ka-daw-nong on the sand,
Him yielded all their life and died,—
The monsters of the sea and land.

Still loud his flinty arrows clank,
Still woke the shriek of dying pain,
Till farthest hill and valley drank
The blood of many a dragon slain;
Each ugly beast, with cry and roar,
That crawled or ran or swam or flew,
Fell — reeking red with dying gore —
Fell darkly pierced, through and through.

He slew the frightful Flying Head,[12]
The foe that most did them appall;
And them that on the People fed,
The Stonish Giants, fierce and tall;[13]
Save one that from such warrior brave
Swift o'er the land did flee away
Far to the south: there in a cave
Deep in the earth is hid to-day.

Wide borne as on the winds amain
Went tidings of his name and fame;
Till from the wood and from the plain
Afar his tawny people came
With hearts elate, intent to know
The growing wonder, — learn with awe
The mystery of the hunter-bow,
And how to hold, and how to draw.

And stronger waxed the hand that drew :
And all the new-born eagerness
For knowledge unto knowledge grew :—
They more desire who more possess.
They saw in arrow speeding straight.
In flinty war-ax winged in air.
A prophecy of nobler fate,
And burned all noble deeds to dare.

From Inigorio the Good,
Gifts brought he from that fairer shore
Unto the People of the Wood :—
Some token of the love he bore
His children of the forest-wild ;
That they who dwell in shadows dim,
Him knowing more who on them smiled.
Would more delight in love of him.

And Hayo-went-ha. toiling long
Beside the Onondaga strand.
With patient hand, for labor strong.
Clove wide the forest, cleared the land :
And pondering wise the mystery,
The wondrous secrets unrevealed
Of life that is—of life to be—
He mellowed all the waiting field.

Then forth the sacred parcel drew;
And in the ground he careful laid
The seeds of harvests strange and new;
And when had sprung each shining blade,
He round it pressed the mellow loam;
Not doubting when the days were full—
The Moon of Falling Leaves had come,
To see the ripened miracle.

And tending all with ready arm,
He saw the summer wax and wane;
To pull the weedy spears that harm,
Or water oft the parchèd plain,
He came and went with tireless feet;
Hope-girded all the field he trod,
Till glad he plucked the kernels sweet
From Scho-ta-sa-min's wondrous pod.

And ruddy-ripe o'er all the land,
Fair in the autumn's windy days,
He saw great O-nust lusty stand;
He rudely stripped the mighty Maize
And home the priceless treasures bore
To serve the stormy winter's need;
Or fairest ears did careful store—
The future harvest's precious seed.

With O-kwa-ho from farthest wood,
The Me-sha-way with antlers wide,
The Yek-wai fierce, so fat and good,
The snowy Wau-bos, tender-eyed;
With many a bird that ran or flew,—
The Ta-wis and the Oghk-we-se,
The So-ha-ut, of sable hue,
The Ka-ka and the Kwa-ra-re:

With many a fowl that clanged the spring:
The quacking So-ra from the brake,
The Wau-be-zee with downy wing,
The honking Wa-wa from the lake:
Great Do-di-ah-to from the deeps,
The Sa-wa from the shallow waves,
Kwan-Run-ge-a-gosh — he that leaps
And flounders in the watery caves.

With flesh of fish and bird and beast
That round the fire hung reeking red,
Of savor sweet, a royal feast,
With many a pot full-steaming, spread
He, Hayo-went-ha, good and wise,
For theirs, his loving people's sake:
While wonder widened in their eyes
To taste great O-nust's smoking cake.

What time was spread the banquet there
He loosed for them his lofty speech;
He wide outspread his weapons fair,—
Told of the make and use of each;
And of the Maize, its growth and worth;
The treasures of the fruitful soil;
How all the bounties of the earth
But waited on the hand of toil.

Then to the feast. But ere he drew
Or parted bone from bone, or broke
The luscious loaf, or tasted stew,
He, rising, to his people spoke:—
"O Brothers! the Great Spirit, He
These presents brings to those who wait
To do his will;"—then reverently
Gave thanks to Oway-neo Great.[14]

Then unto warrior, chief or brave,
Of meat or bread or fowl or fish
He, as their rank, in order gave,
Refilling oft each empty dish;
Or from the embers, glowing hot,
He cake of O-nust smoking bore;
Until was emptied every pot,
Or eating, they could eat no more.

The banquet done, on grassy plain
To chant and song the dance began;
Each artless maid, untaught to feign —
To wait the proffered hand of man.
Unskilled to hide what Nature gave, —
The heart that lit her virgin breast,
Herself to him, the favored brave,
She proffered with her modest quest. [15]

In beaded costume fine arrayed,
At beat of drum and rattle-clang,
Stood forth each waiting forest maid,
Quick forth each youthful warrior sprang.
Now up, now down, now fast, now slow,
With measured time and agile pace,
Their lithe forms swaying to and fro
A wonder showed of supple grace.

And so he taught them — not in vain —
Of every good of labor born,
Till shone afar each hill and plain
With teeming fields of growing corn. [16]
And often to my ear there come
Glad murmurs of the after years —
Of happy maidens bearing home
The burden of the ripened ears.

HAYO-WENT-HA'S

JOURNEYING.

Who journeys far in knowledge grows,
If wise, to wisdom more attains;
The more the outer world he knows
He more the rarer vision gains—
The knowledge of the world within;
He clearer sees with deeper ken
That human souls are all akin,
Though diverse are the lives of men.

V

HAYO-WENT-HA'S JOURNEYING.

His Chee-maun, blest of Manito,
That paddle-bearing hand had none,
Yet swiftly on the billows drew
With him who lightly willed it on;
That bore him from the halls of day
Across the shining seas unknown.
He hid from curious eyes away—
Kept for its nobler use alone.

Yet oft, when in the rising dawn
He saw Yo-non-to looming large,
That bark, from secret place withdrawn,
He brought unto the waiting marge;
And parting from the kindling shore
As with his quickening spirit rife,
It Hayo-went-ha proudly bore.—
Went speeding like a thing of life.

On Onondaga's dimpled breast,
The limpid wells of Seneca,
Cayuga's floods it lightly pressed;
Where Skaneateles' ripples play,
Where Canandaigua's billows toss,
On bright Owasco, blushing blue,
Oneida fleeting far across.—
Still on that magic Chee-maun drew.

To where the Mohawk's rushing tides
By vaster woods and mountains flee;
Or where the wider Hudson glides,
Goes hastening to the briny sea;
Still seeking far, or strange or new,
A fairer land, a brighter bourne,
Fled wonder-winged that light canoe
Like arrow from the bow of Morn.

And swifter than that barky barge
Went tidings of his name and fame;
And to the Council flaming large,
From far his tawny people came
With hearts elate, intent to know
The growing wonder; learn with awe
The mystery of the hunter-bow,
And how to hold, and how to draw.

Still unto wider seas away:
Ontario's swelling tide he tracked,
Heard great Ki-ha-de's "E-wa-yea,"—
Looked down the thundering cataract;
And mute with reverence, bowed in awe
Before that wonder strange and new,
He veiled his face, as there he saw
The form of Mighty Manito.

Confessing so the human need
Of love that is to worship grown,
Untaught in ritual and creed
Him to behold, the Great Unknown
No less the lowliest adore;
Who most on Oway-neo call
Do bear the likeness more and more
Of Him, the Mighty over all.

Still on—away: more noisy break
The ripples on the flowing marge;
Till gleamed his glory-bearing wake
On stormy Erie, foaming large;
On—past each headland, island, bay;—
Wherever rose a goodly land
With dusky warriors painted gay,
He drew his Chee-maun on the strand.

He shared with them the banquet spread
Around the camp-fire blazing high;
He far for them his arrows sped,
He slew the monsters prowling nigh;
On him—such mighty deeds he wrought—
They wondering gazed in fear and awe;
While of the hunter-bow he taught
Them how to hold and how to draw.

And thence again went speeding on,
Till Gitche Gumee's silver smiles
Shone beauteous in the setting sun,
With widening shores and shining isles.
There, where the angry billows roll,
With Art that time's corroding mocks,
He pictured many a curious scroll—
His to-tems—on the beetling rocks.

Vast rumors all the forest stirred
Of Him,—and still the wonder ran;
He far the welcome greeting heard—
"Ta-ren-ya-wa-go!—Mighty Man!!"[17]
And though a race untamed and rude,
His manly speech, with wisdom fraught,
Allayed the while their fiercer mood:
Himself, in teaching, something taught.

Still on:—like rising morning ray
That Chee-maun lit the parting tide;
Still toward the sunset land away—
On Es-con-aw-baw rolling wide;
Still on—to many a stranger sea:[1]
Wherever most might knowledge loose
Her sacred seal, or glory be—
To widen life in Love and Use.

* * * * *

Thence, on the billows rolling large,
By reaches wide of wave and wood,
Returning where by pebbly marge
His chosen People waiting stood,—
He, coming to his home and place,
Trod proud the Onondaga shore;
While rarer shone his Prophet-face
By wisdom's sunlight brightened more.

Again with mighty speech he drew
The dusky tribes, to teach and bless,
Till great the Onondaga grew
Renowned for every nobleness:
And many a wandering band had heard,
And many a warrior-chieftain came
To hearken to his wiser word;
Still bearing wide his name and fame

They glad a willing ear to lend,
He taught them of all things that are;
Of life, its duties, aim and end,
And of the Spirit Land afar;
The land beyond the starry dome
Or where the sunset-glory smiles;
Of Oway-neo's Shining Home,
Of Inigorio's Happy Isles.

And not unmindful of his fame
That brightened like the morning-rise,
Him Hayo-went-ha they did name—
The wisest he, among the wise.[19]
He, growing, not alone did grow
In wisdom; but more nobly great,
He grew in love, such love as know
Immortals that on mortals wait.

Nor less revered the primal law,
Nor less the human want confessed;
But felt the tender yearnings draw
That sway and bless the lowliest:
And in his wigwam, day by day,
Sighed o'er the Yong-we's vacant place;
Or from his deeper thought would stray
To rarest radiant maiden face.

O nobler Soul! that glory fires,
High summering on the hills of fame,
Within a deeper breast aspires
And glows love's rapt, undying flame:
How frequent to thy vision starts
The dearer light of loving eyes;
Thou hidest in thy heart of hearts
The burning wish that never dies.

For dearer than all precious store,
Or pride of station, name or race,
Or warrior-fame, or wisdom's lore,
Were wifely smile and matron grace;
The pretty darling's winsome ways,
The pattering of the tiny feet,
To while and charm the lonely days
And make the wigwam's joy complete.

Though greatly wise to teach and bless,
And first in Council-place to move,
Knew he the yearning need no less
Of gentle Yong-we's heart of love.
More sweet the home-delighting tone
Than far-resounding glory-call;
O Woman! thou art great alone—
Dost reign supremely over all.

The mighty yield alone to thee,
Their proudest gifts on beauty wait;
And Oway-neo's Prophet he—
He, Hayo-went-ha good and great,
Would woo and wed a mortal bride;[20]
Low in a world with sorrow rife
Would all the after years abide;—
Would dwell content in lowly life.

O Human Heart!—the heart Divine
Too hath its anguish to confess;
Yon radiant sun must burn to shine.
And in the heavenly realms no less
Some loss the price of every gain;
Clothed with this frailer being, so
To medicine our mortal pain,
Immortals taste of mortal woe.

SONG

—OF—

HAYO-WENT-HA.

What time the Wa-wa's honking clang
Betokened glad the quickened year,
The mating birds their carols sang,
Far through the forest ringing clear; —

Oft he that bore a prophet-heart,
When love had touched its deeper spring,
Some tender lay, with simple art,
Unto his homely pipe would sing.

And I — O unforgotten days! —
Will bring to charm my deeper pain
Some fragment of the olden lays: —
Will wake that woodland lute again.

VI

SONG OF HAYO-WENT-HA.

He is greatest who is wisest.
Love replies:
Not enough for Hayo-went-ha
To be wise;
What by precept, O my People!
I can give,
Have I taught you; by example
Would I teach you how to live.

He that wisest is is greatest:
Yet on all,
Howsoever high or lowly,
Sorrows fall;
To be great is to be lonely;
Where is she,
Lovely Kax-a, beauteous maiden—
Hayo-went-ha's bride to be?

I have heard him—Mud-je-kee-wis—
When he came
From the mighty Es-con-aw-baw
Of the plain,
Telling of the brave Dacotah's
Daughters fair;
And methought—does she, the beauteous,
Hayo-went-ha's, wander there?

Nor less famed is the Ojib-way
Maiden, she
Dwelling by the Gitche Gumee's
Farthest sea.
But I mind me, all things distant
Fairer show;
Lofty Yo-nond's glittering summit
Nearer seen, is only snow.

Though the far-off beauty beckons
Like a star,
Oft we miss the good that might be,
Following far;
Oft the flower sweet opening for us
Loving eyes,
All unseen, though close beside us,
Fragrance-laden blooms and dies.

Nor what time unto the sunset
Land I strayed,
Saw I ever by the wigwam's
Mat and shade,
Maid, that bearing meek and fitting
Maiden's part,
Would—the bride of Hayo-went-ha—
Gladden more his home and heart.

What is to the meadow Seg-wun's
Warmth and light,
Fair Wo-ne-da softly shining,
To the night,
Would the cheerful smiles of Yong-we
Be—mine own!
To the heart of Hayo-went-ha—
To his wigwam waiting lone.

What unto the bow that draws it
Is the string,
String and bow unto the arrow—
Everything;
What is each unto the other,
Such are ye,
Shaped and wrought, O Man and Woman!
To one use and destiny.

Oway-neo, Thou the Mighty
High above,
Hayo-went-ha's hope is only
In thy love;
Thou alone canst yield the dear one
To his sight;
Let thy wiser spirit lead him—
Lead his wandering steps aright.

Now I mind me of a maiden,—
So they say,
Where Tio-to softly murmurs
All the day
To the sighing, sad Ogh-ne-ta
Greening there,
Dwells the beauteous Kax-aa,—she
Nyah-tah-wanta, good and fair.

Oh how oft some chiefest blessing
We go by,
Never even of it dreaming,
Though so nigh;
Till some happy hour reveals it,
When we say—
Not—"Thou Oway-neo blessed!"
Only this—"A happy day."

In the foregone time of fasting,[21]
Whence I drew
Smile and blessing of the mighty
Manito,
With the wisdom of the Medas
Did I see
Far the vision of the future—
Vision of the days to be.

See in mystic light that brightened
All the land,
Every people, tribe and nation,
Clan and band,
That far Council-fires should beacon,
Not in vain ;
Painted warriors, armed and girded,—
Mighty chieftains, battle-slain.

And above the cloud and darkness,
Clang of War,
Saw I one serenely smiling
Like a star ;
And the more that dream I ponder,
More, meseems,
She, Ti-o-to's lowly maiden,
Like that maiden of my dreams.

Once again, as in the vision
Her I see
Bearing all love's toil and labor
Cheerfully;
Break the sticks and patient bear them
From the wood;
Build the fire, make bright the wigwam,
As the forest-maiden should.[22]

Or when Seg-wun from the South-land
Far had come,
Tending glad the corn upspringing,
Stir the loam;
Or in days the Falling-leaf Moon
More endears,
Pluck the mighty Maize at harvest—
Bearing home the ripened ears.

And the maid, Nyah-tah-wanta,
Dwelling nigh
Where Ti-o-to's billows, chafing,
Moan and sigh,—
She the bride of Hayo-went-ha?—
Who may tell?
She is of my noble People—
Ongue Honwe— that is well.[23]

And I mind me—I remember
It was she
Wove the royal robe and mantle,
All for me;
And with sign, device and symbol
Wove it fair.
With the to-tems of my Nation—
With the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear.

And I think me of the costly
Wampum-band;
Of the snowy leggins, beaded
By her hand;
Of the moccasins in whose stitch is
Many a gem;
Strange—so often times to see them,—
Only now the glittering hem.

And a marvel more I ponder—
So I deem;
As if still her gentle fingers
Pressed the seam.
Many a wonder!—can it be so?
I have thought
Something from the hand still lingers
In the work the hand has wrought.

As we feel the coming sorrow
Deepen down,
Mark with tears the boding shadow
Fateful frown,
Haply so a joy may brighten
Far away,
Like the faint auroral shining
Of the yet unrisen day.

And is this exultant, throbbing,
Glad unrest,
All this tumult new of passion
In my breast,
The faint motions of a rapture
Yet unborn?
But the dawn with eagle-pinion
That so swift outruns the morn?

He, Kee-way-din, softly whispers,
Wandering free,
"Sweet the maid Nyah-tah-wanta"
Unto me;
And the charming maid to morrow
Will I see.
Well, if she be Hayo-went-ha's;—
If she be not—let it be.

NYAH-TAH-WANTA.

O Daughter of the paler-face,
With beauty garmented! Not less
The damsel of the Dusky Race
Is clothed upon with loveliness.
Nor unadorned of simple Art,
That heightens more each virgin charm;
Nor less her breast, with Woman's heart
Yearns,—throbbing with love's pulses warm.

VII

NYAH-TAH-WANTA.

NYAH-TAH-WANTA — fair and good
Was she, the warrior-chieftain's child;
And never maiden of the wood
Did brighten more the forest wild;
None bear the charms more modestly
Of sweetly-budding womanhood,
Nor worthier of love than she,
Child of the bold, heroic blood.

As one bereft when years were few,
And taught a widowed knee to climb,
She thoughtful-wise and pensive grew,
As shadow of a sorrow-time
From out the unremembered years,
Or wraith of love's forgotten kiss,
Still burdened with unfallen tears
Those lids of liquid tenderness.

Her voice was like the wooing Spring,
Her cheek like Autumn's bronzèd light;
Her tresses like the Raven's wing,
Her eyes were like the brooding night
With O-jis-hon-da shining through.—
Some brightness that you might not guess;
For when you saw you only knew
You saw a brimming tenderness.

O light in shade! O land of dreams!
Deep in those darkened depths impearled,
As when Wo-ne-da's silver beams
Soft-mantle the nocturnal world.
No garden lilies undefiled,
No sweets their fragrance may possess,
Surpass the roses of the wild,
The beauty of the wilderness.[24]

Nor in all outward charms alone
She grew, as grows the woodland flower;
Though nurtured in the forest lone,
And with the forest-maiden's dower
Of ruder toil and sorest need,
So schooled was she to do and bear,
That her to know, you knew indeed
That one so good must needs be fair.

In snowy kirtle tasseled gay,
And furry mantle quilled and dyed,
Her hand had wrought so cunningly
From many a Jit-sho's furry hide;
In scarlet leggins fringed with blue,
In painted moccasins beaded grand,
You would have thought her—as was true—
The comeliest maid in all the land.

Though well she knew to plait and braid,
And skilled to make or cloak or gown,
The richest robe that her arrayed,
The beauty that is beauty's crown,
That does the fairest best adorn,
Was hers in wigwam-tented wood:
The common virtues—lowly born,
Of simple, modest maidenhood.

When on the greening wild away
Her lightsome footsteps flitted free,
She seemed a joyous forest-fay—
A dusky woodland-fairy she;
And more the while the happy maid,
When gladness woke her simple art,
Went singing through the windy glade
The songs that fluttered at her heart.

What time her virgin footsteps pressed
The border-land of Womanhood,
When wakes a longing in the breast,
When stirs a spring-tide in the blood,—
When grace beyond all manly grace
Unto the maid the lover shows,
While unto him the maiden-face
With splendor passing beauty glows;

She that the Meda's secrets knew
Of mystic dance and chant and song,
Could presage read in bird that flew,
Knew all the use of fasting long,—
Invoking so, or strong or weak,
Powers that the will of man await,
As youth and maiden may, did seek
Some token of her happier fate.[25]

And of that dream?—it is not new,—
The charm all maiden hearts do own;
The presence on her vision grew
Of one, nor haply all unknown;
A warrior-chieftain; on his breast
He proud a royal mantle wore;
Well pleased she saw the shining vest,
But nobleness enrobed him more.

Bright in the sunset's fading flame
Stood pictured on the farthest sky,
With to-tems of his race and name,
A shining wigwam, wide and high;
And on its glowing sides were shown
All birds and beasts — all symbols whence
The greatly wise may draw alone
The mystery of the hidden sense.

She felt the tender yearnings draw
That know nor color, clime nor race;
And from the parted door she saw
Love beckon from her waiting-place;[26]
Oh! sweetly shone the couch and mat,
For such a manly form was there;
And in the fire-light, smiling, sat
A little maid, — and all was fair.

And still the years new beauty lent:
In cheerful toil that glad beguiled
Her maiden cares, she came and went,
Far-brightening all the lonely wild;
Her sire, as she more lovely grew,
Oft musing with a father's pride,
Said — "He must noble be and true
Who seeks my darling for his bride."

And many a youthful warrior, gay
In paint and plumes, her hand had sought.
From lodge and wigwam far away:
As braves that come to woo, they brought
Of furry skins and wampum-braid.
The costly gifts of forest-art;
Such as might win the forest-maid—
Might charm and win the maiden heart.

But not for him from stranger land
Did she the wedding feast prepare;
Oh! not for him the maiden hand
Her raven tresses braided fair;
The while she crooned this little stave,
Crooned to her waiting heart, meseemed:
"Oh, he is bold! Oh, he is brave!
But not the Mighty that I dreamed."

And oft Tio-to's breast would show
Her barky barge that lightly pressed;
While from the glassy pool below
She drew O-nox-a's scaly breast;
Or patient fixed the tempting bait,
Or watched the Sah-wa softly draw,
Or cast the deeper line to wait
Great Do-di-ah-to's hungry jaw.

And oft when Seg-wun bright again
From far with shining feet had come,
She took great O-nust's precious grain
And hid it in the fruitful loam;
Made mellow round the rising spears,
Or watered oft each springing blade,
Or joyful plucked the luscious ears,
As meet and fit for Indian maid.[27]

Or when the Falling-leaf Moon hung
Far-silvering o'er the rustling reeds,
What time the Blackbird blithely sung,
Elate of all the ripened seeds,
Where bending many a snowy head
Afar the wild rice waving stood,
She in her Chee-maun lightly sped,—
Gathered its kernels ripe and good.[28]

And oft from ruder labor freed,
With glowing cheek and eager tread
She wandered o'er the grassy mead
To pick the berries ripe and red:
Or through the brightening woods would roam,
When woke the autumn's windy lays;
From thence the brown nuts bearing home
She hoarded for the wintry days.

Or patient wrought with pride and skill
Her moccasins of rare design;
With bead of shell and hedge-hog quill
Her fawn-skin kirtle broidered fine:
That at the dance or Council-place
She too might stand all fair arrayed,
With heightened beauty's charm and grace;
As best befits the Indian maid.

Or when from far with shaft and bow,
From wood and wild, the hunters came
With Me-sha-way and O-kwa-ho,
A-meek and Yek-wai—noblest game,
With ready hand and maiden pride
She deftly stripped each ugly beast
Of furry skin or hairy hide,
Cooked fit the meat, and spread the feast.

What time, on many a darkened day,
The braves and warriors, glory-crowned,
Came bleeding from the battle-fray,
Her gentle fingers dressed the wound:
With tender care and cheerful smile
She charmed each aching bruise, nor vain
Out-watched the paling stars, the while
She smoothed and soothed the couch of pain.

If by her side, with fear and pain
She saw at whiles pale Famine stand,
When failed the harvest-promised grain,
Her field laid waste by hostile band,—
She careful eked the failing store
In ways but woman can devise;
With patient trust her hunger bore
And all heroic sacrifice.[29]

Above the spring-time floods that rise,
The Musk-rat builds his winter tent:
So to the forest-maiden's eyes
And mind another sense is lent;
To see beyond each fleeting form,
Of all the changeful seasons send,
In wind and rain, in cloud and storm,
What these may omen and portend.

Though all unlearned in lettered lore,
She all the forest secrets knew;
Of every beast the cry and roar,
The call of every bird that flew;
She heard anon, without affright,
The Be-zhu's mimic scream of woe;
The Jit-sho yelping through the night,
The fiercely-howling O-kwa-ho.

The Wa-wa honking on the lake,
Far on the wave the lonely Mahng,
The So-ra quacking in the brake,
The stormy Key-oshk's noisy clang;
The Wa-won-ais-se's plaint and cry,
The great War-Ke-neu's screech and squall,
O-me-me's plaintive moan and sigh,
The Ko-ko-ko-ho's lonely call.

Knew every bush and shrub and tree,
The flowers that blossomed in the wood;
All herbs, and what their potency,
And which was ill and which was good;
A part of all she saw so near,
In Nature's heart so immanent.
Unto her finer sense and ear
All things their deeper meaning lent.

Does He, whose mighty power bestows
The life of all, great Wa-zha-wand,
Crown with his larger bounty, those,
From these withhold with stinted hand,—
The tribes and races of mankind?
Bear one a blessing, one a curse?
Or only do we fail to find
The measure meet for gifts diverse?[20]

The greater dole might him upbraid
For largess that brings duller sense;
For every gain a price is paid,
For every loss some recompense;
He that with visioned eye may see
The shadow of a darker fate,
Fore-kens the brighter days to be
No less,— and is content to wait.

And many a suitor bold and free
Had with the summers come and gone;
She only said—"It is not He;"—
Still patient waited for HER OWN;
Nor somber sat as one forlorn,
Nor gave to pining sorrow loose;
For what have they of cause to mourn
Whose days are girt with love and use?

Her hands were quick to gentle deeds,
She tended kind her failing sire;
She minded all his little needs,
She brought the sticks, she built the fire,
She cooked his meat, she made him warm,
On her his tottering footsteps leant;[31]
For him she braved the raging storm
And sweetened all with meek content.

O gentle Heart! though unconfessed,
By purest maiden passion stirred.
How had it charmed that yearning breast —
The little song that late I heard!
That eye had lit more softly warm,
That cheek had owned a deeper glow,
That beauteous, lithesome maiden form
Had trembled like the frightened roe.

Nor is there maid, methinks, so cold,
If she should know at dawning light,
That ere Wo-ne-da's silver fold
Shall press Yo-non-to's breast to-night,
Some wooer great would come to woo,
That she, perchance, would be his bride,
But would her bosom flutter too —
Her glowing cheek blush, crimson dyed.

THE WOOING.

Oh! who with tongue so eloquent
To paint the rapture lore distills,
That fills the spirit's grosser tent
With breath from the Immortal Hills?
O Passion! — that is all replete
With deepest bliss, with direst woe,
Thy thrall, thy thrill, thy madness sweet,
The heart must, throbbing, feel to know.

VIII

THE WOOING.

More beauteous in the dawning light
Shone Hayo-went-ha's prophet-face,
As smile of Oway-neo bright
Had lit anew each manly grace;
His brow of worthier purpose showed,
His eye of feeling's kindling ray;
His very step, as forth he strode,
Was lighter than of yesterday.

His every care, his every thought,
As in the greatening morn he stood,
Was with Nyah-tah-wanta fraught,
The flower of forest-maidenhood.
How much may yearning wish impart
Of hopes that after-harvests glean;
And much I trow his manly heart
Did to that gentle damsel lean.

In royal mantle rich arrayed,[32]
That heightened more his manly air,
That showed, in many a to-tem braid
Inwove, the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear;
In moccasins with the marvelous hem,
In snowy leggins beaded grand,
Enwrought with many a curious gem,
He trod the Onondaga strand.

And forth that wonder-built canoe
From out its secret place he brought,
Unto the pebbly marge he drew—
The bark by mystic fingers wrought:
That, as of old, did gaily ride,
The rippled wells, nor overworn,
Though it had crossed the swelling tide
From Isles beyond the Gates of Morn.

As though it felt love's eager haste,
Its barky sides more lightly pressed,
The flashing waves more fleetly traced,
To bear him on his loving quest;
To far Ti-o-to bear him hence
Swift as the Wa-wa's wing and light,
Before the westering sun should glance
His arrows from the rocky height;—

To where beside the emerald flood,
And radiant as the rising morn,
Stood beauteous in her maidenhood,
Stood mid the summer's springing corn
The loveliest of forest maids;
To careful pluck the weedy spears,
Make mellow round the rising blades;
Glad counting on the ripened ears.

As frequent to each tender breast,
Or whence or wherefore all unknown,
Will come a trouble and unrest,
A tearful sorrow, not its own,—
So oft above or thought or will
May soar the spirit glad and gay,
Its pulses feel the joyous thrill
Of other heart-beat far away.

And to the maiden where she stood,
The flitting zephyr's soft caress,
The dewy, newly-burgeoned wood
Seemed burdened with a secret bliss;
The tiny throats that warbling sang,
More thrilling melody expressed;
Nor knew she, while their matins rang,
The deeper chord was in her breast.

To grow great O-nust's luscious grain,
The care and labor all her own,
With but the love to soothe her pain,
Of him her sire, so feeble grown ;
If lonely oft with aching breast
Her lowly couch she weary sought,
The tired limbs more sweetly rest
In slumber whence new strength is wrought.

Her might no evil omen dread
Nor joy-betokening prophecy
Lure from the path where duty led
Her willing footstep's day by day ;
Still round the hills upspringing green
She softly drew the mellow loam ;
While brightened more the morning sheen,
The morning sun still higher clomb.

And still her patient hand she plied ;
Nor left her maiden-toil to make
Her face more seemly when she spied
That stranger Chee-maun on the lake ;
Nor yet incurious, bending low,
Nor quite suppressed a chastened eye ;
The while her cheek a warmer glow
Emmantled fair, she knew not why.

And Hayo-went-ha, ere he drew
That magic Chee-maun on the strand,
When rose the wigwam full to view
And all the love-enchanted land,
To see the maiden bending there
Her greening corn to tend and keep,
To mark the damsel's frugal care,
His heart did in his bosom leap.

And when her lowly door beside
She looked on him who waiting stood
With noble look of manly pride,
Him, Hayo-went-ha, great and good.—
She felt again the yearnings draw:
And in the sunset's failing gleam
She knew the chieftain-form she saw
Was he,—the mighty of her dream.

And seeing near the mantle rare,
The mantle she had wrought for him,
The beauty she had woven there,
The moccasins with the beaded hem,—
The woman in her bosom stirred
More than the simple maiden guessed;
And of her joy in song of bird
Her heart the secret half confessed.

If warmer lit with feeling's grace
His manly cheek, when to his gaze
From far the beauteous maiden face
Looked on him from the growing maize—
What wonder he, though calm and wise,
Should feel the old world dance and swim
When on him bent those loveful eyes
That, more than greeting, welcomed him.[33]

The while her sire the freedom gave
Of waiting wigwam's mat and shade,
As warrior brave to warrior brave,
Apart and silent sat the maid;
Or lightly tripped unto the lake
To bring him drink with willing feet,
Or glad, when he his fast would break,
She modest brought and gave him meat.

He from the bowl his thirst allayed,
Nor with vain thanks did her address;
But sitting mute his hunger stayed,
And rested of his weariness;
Till far and faint alone was heard
The home-wind sighing through the land,
The voice of night-awakened bird,
And waves low-lapsing on the sand.

Then forth the aged chief he drew
In unforgotten tales, to tell
Of warrior deeds when days were few,
Of braves that in the battle fell;
And still, as one with gifted speech
The fit occasion waits, forbore
Untimely thence to bring, in breach
Of courtesy, his fairer lore.

Yet beauty speaks through charm and grace
In tongue that silence cannot bind;
So brightly shone his prophet-face
With thoughts that lit his wiser mind;
And when the shadows fell that make
The cheerful home-fire brighten more,
His lips he loosed; and as he spake
Night, listening rapt, contented wore.

He told in lofty speech and wise
Of other wigwams far away;
Of fairer shores that loom and rise
Beyond the utmost bound of day;
Of hunter-homes, of tribe and band
Where more than sunset glory smile;
Of Oway-neo's Shining Land,
Of Inigorio's Happy Isles.

Of all the gifts that thence he brought,
Of all the labors of his hand;
How he the hunter-bow had wrought,
Had slain the monsters of the land;
How every beast with cry and roar,
That crawled or ran or swam or flew,
Fell reeking red with dying gore—
Fell pierced and wounded through and through.

And of that magic-built canoe,
Nor paddle had, nor need of one;
Of wider waves that charmed and drew
That mystic Chee-maun—on, and on.
Of great Ki-ha-de's E-wa-yea,
Of farther tides that leap and run;
Of Gitche Gumee far away,
And seas beyond the setting sun.

And all the sacred legends old,
The wonders of remotest age:
How Mana-bo-zho strong and bold,
With Manitos did battle wage;
And when the floods came on the land,
Whelmed in the sea the mountains tall,
The world destroyed;—whose mighty hand
Rebuilt again—repeopled all.

Told of the serpent huge and dread
That from a tiny reptile grew;
Of her whose hand the arrow sped,
Whose shaft the frightful monster slew;
Of dear Winona's darker fate:
The maiden who, with heart so brave
Than him unknown, unloved, to wed
Chose death beneath the darkened wave.

Told,—so to show, in wedded life,
How needful to be mated well,—
Of him that took a Bear to wife,
And of the ills that thence befell.
And glad they hearkened:—while he spake
The listening hours unheeded wore.
Oh! for the storied gift to wake
The spell of that diviner lore!

Whatever heights the tongue can reach
Of all-commanding eloquence,
But half is in the gift of speech,—
For half is in the listening sense;
Unto such ears he, speaking late,
Did all the seals of Knowledge loose,—
Knowledge that doth on Wisdom wait
To widen life in Love and Use.

Though to her sire alone he spake,
Scarce minding where the maiden sat
So maiden-wise,—nor deigned to break
His lofty mood; low from her mat,
Nor bold, nor over modestly,
Ever a finer ear she lent;
Listened—as only woman may—
Upon his deeper thought intent.[4]

But all things pass and go; the blaze
Unfed, burned dim; into the Past
The vision of the vanished days
Fading, again withdrew; at last
With some low, half-unuttered word
The tale was ended; there did fall
A silence,—or alone was heard
Afar the Ko-ko-ko-ho's call.

And deep on manly limbs erelong
Was soft the balm of slumber laid;
But joy that beats with pulse too strong
Is kin to sorrow; so the maid,
In vain her midnight couch she pressed;
No sleep could bind the tender eyes,
For all the tumult of her breast—
For thoughts of him so good and wise.

O maiden Heart! so warm and true,
That hath, like her, such vigil kept,
Or ere the morn, of bliss so new,
The pain a little stayed, hath slept,
Dreaming sweet dreams that will not pass—
Aye! from the darkened years;—to thee
Why should I sing?—to wake, alas!
Too oft a haunting memory.

And who with tongue so eloquent
To paint the rapture love distills,
That fills the spirit's grosser tent
With breath from the Immortal Hills?
O Passion! that is all replete
With deepest bliss—with direst woe,
Thy thrall, thy thrill, thy madness sweet
The heart must, throbbing, feel to know.

Or what is said, or all unsaid,
But little recks, when fleet and strong,
O'er cheek and breast the currents red
Run—singing glad a marriage song;
When other heart beats in our own,
Disclosing to each keener sense
The wealth and being, else unknown,
Of beauty's lavish heritance.

Enough: — when Hayo-went-ha came
Home from Ti-o-to far away,
Enhaloed as with robe of flame, —
The splendor of love's risen day,
His every heightened manly grace
Bespoke how well the wooing sped;
Foretold the glory of his face —
Nyah-tah-wanta he would wed.

And many an after day it grew —
That larger brightness brightened more,
When at the dawn he came and drew
His Chee-maun to the pebbly shore;
As if with heart of love elate
Its barky sides more lightly pressed
The springing tide, as loth to wait
To bear him on his loving quest.

SONG

OF

NYAH-TAH-WANTA.

Her little lays with joy replete
Or sad with maiden care, she sang;
Like to O-me-me, softly sweet,
Or mournful as the lonely Mahng
At midnight on the summer seas.
The lips can set to fairest tunes
The loves that lowliest hearts enthrall;
O woodland Odes! O forest Runes!
I would I more might these recall;
The Heart's unwritten Melodies.

IX

SONG OF NYAH-TAH-WANTA.

SOAN-GE-TAHA!—Soan-ge-taha brave and strong!
O my sweetheart! O Belovèd! waited long;
Thee, the Mighty, in my vision did I see;
When I look on my belovèd—it is when
I look on Thee.*
And the twinkling O-jis-hon-da, brightly twinkling,
Seem to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

Hayo-went-ha, Hayo-went-ha, great is he;
Come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta—can it be?
And he calls her lovely Kax-aa—is it so?
But a lowly, simple maid—Nyah-tah-wanta
That I know.
He, the Home-wind, sweet Kee-way-din, soothly singing,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

*See the "Ojibwa Song" in Oneota.—By H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Where the murmuring Yo-yo-hon-to through the glade,
Softly singing, smiling lingers in the shade,
Have I seen a lovely maiden look at me;
If she *is* Nyah-tah-wanta, she is pretty,
I can see.
And the streamlet's tinkling murmur, rippling, rippling,
Seems to tell;
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

He the Chief of all our warriors?—so they say:
All the Ongue Honwe People own his sway:
Seems to me, he surely can't be—or, for pride
He would seek some noble Kax-aa,—queenly maiden,
For his bride.
Mud-je-ke-wis, in the cedars, sighing, sighing,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

Simple maid Nyah-tah-wanta, but no less
Does she bear the heart of Yong-we, and would press,
All her own, the mother's darlings to her breast;
On her dearest Nee-nee-moosh-a's brave and manly
Heart would rest.

Wa-won-ais-se in the Leaf Moon sweetly plainting
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

What the flower is to the meadow, blooming fair,
Brightening all the lonely places everywhere,
If the bride of Hayo-went-ha, would I be
To the heart of Hayo-went-ha,—to the home
He builds for me.
Dear O-me-me, in the fir-tree, cooing, cooing,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

I would weave a royal mantle; it should bear
All the to-tems of his Nation, passing fair;
Fairer than the one I wove him when I knew
Only Hayo-went-ha, mighty,—not the loving
Heart and true.
On the lake the babbling So-ra, quacking, quacking,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

And when Seg-wun from the South-land comes again,
I would plant the luscious O-nust on the plain;
Careful tend the blades upspringing, — stir the loam;
Pluck the ripened ears at harvest; bear the precious
Burden home.
A-ro-se-a in the tree-top chattering, chattering,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta, —
That is well."

When the wigwams in the Snow-moon silver shine,
I would pound the dainty kernel, pound it fine;
With the fat of Yek-wai mix it, sweetest cake,
Make and bake it all so nicely, — all for
Hayo-went-ha's sake.
Far the Ka-ka on Yo-non-to cawing, cawing,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta, —
That is well."

When Kah-sah-git in his snow-shoes o'er the hill
Scatters wide the shining O-kah, falling chill,
Far would noble Hayo-went-ha with his bow
Hunt the Mo-sa and the Yek-wai and the fiercer
O-kwa-ho.

On the wave the noisy Wa-wa, honking, honking,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

When the Council-fire would brighten far away,
Calling tribe and band that proudly own his sway,
Thither in his magic Chee-maun would he go;
He his larger mind and wiser in his gifted
Speech would show.
Screaming bold, the great War-Ke-neu, squalling
Squalling, seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

By the wigwam, long and lonely though I wait,
I would charm the hours with labor; I would mate
With my larger love his wisdom's fairer store;
And the after-joy of meeting would long parting
Heighten more.
From the wood the Ko-ko-ko-ho, hooting, hooting,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
That is well."

And,—O joy! if I should bear him, so requite
Mighty love with gifts so worthy, sons of might;
Happy they in such a father; as they grew
I would teach them to be ever noble warriors.
Brave and true.
Great Da-hin-da, in the fenland, croaking, croaking,
Seems to tell:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-ta-wanta,—
That is well."

And enough for me the easing of his care;
He would call me always kindly, think me fair;
And for all the love I bear him, I would find
Something of his wiser being shining in my
Darker mind.
Far Tio-to's billows lapsing, softly lapsing,
Seem to say:
"Hayo-went-ha come to woo Nyah-tah-wanta,—
E-wa-yea."

THE BRIDAL.

O joy all other joy above!
No other joy surpasseth this,
The fairest gift to mortal — Love.
Oh, foretaste of Immortal bliss
By lowly maiden heart possessed!
Nor hers alone: The great and wise
Do own within a deeper breast
That Heaven is in loving eyes.

X

THE BRIDAL.

What time the Falling-leaf Moon hung
Her faintest crescent on the sky,
When to the woods the Home-wind sung
A sweetly soothing lullaby;
He, Hayo-went-ha, rich arrayed
In royal mantle, woven fair,
Where bright in many a to-tem braid
Shone fierce the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear;

In snowy leggins beaded grand,
The moccasins with the marvelous hem,
Upon his breast the wampum-band
Inwrought with many a curious gem;
As musing on that dearer friend,
Or chance a deeper thought he bore
Of life, its duties, aim and end,—
Trod proud the Onondaga shore.

And like the rising morning grew
The larger brightness of his face,
When at the dawn he came and drew
His Chee-maun from its hiding-place;
That, as with yearning heart elate,
The springing tide more lightly pressed—
Danced on the wave, as loth to wait
To bear him on his loving quest.

It erst had many a storm withstood;
Had borne him in the days before
To slay the monsters of the flood—
Great Ke-ka-dah-nong on the shore;
And far on many a stranger sea:
Wherever most might knowledge loose
Her sacred seal, or glory be;
But now should prove its nobler use.

It parts the shore:—Lo! sapphire-lit,
Swift on the rippling wave it drew;
As o'er the mere the shadows flit
Of clouds that sail the summer blue:
The parted waves like rubies showed,
More softly lapsed the sighing marge;
The kindling dawn more golden glowed,—
A warmer wish impelled the barge.

The White Swan singing on the lake
Unto his ear more joyous sang;
More sweetly sad from out the brake
The moaning of the lonely Mahng;
The soaring Ke-neu's screech and squall,
The Wa-be-wawa honking near,
The soaring Key-oshk's harsher call
Seemed mellowed to his charmèd ear.

A music shook the quiet air
Like tinkling bells of silver sound;
The glimmering blue o'er-bending there
Seemed with love's holiest circlet bound.
All Nature is but outward Man:
He hears alone the melodies
Within his breast; nor other than
The beauty in his soul he sees.

.

While she that by Ti-o-to stood
Fair in the autumn's windy days,
To pluck great O-nust ripe and good,
To pluck and strip the mighty Maize,—
As blithe and glad she came and went,
Upon the lake—and hushed her song—
Anon a yearning look she bent;
For brief delay to love is long.

.

Again she broods her little care
And voices so her bosom-pain,
Such pain as maiden bosoms bear:
"Oh! will that Chee-maun come again,
That Chee-maun from the fairer shore?
Or ever must I lonely wait?
Will Hayo-went-ha come no more—
Or is he good as he is great?"

"Blest Oway-neo high above,
Bless her, the lowly maiden, pray;
Nor her alone keep in thy love,—
Keep him, the loved one far away."
And ever as the morning wore,
While to her willing task she bent,
To Hayo-went-ha more and more
Her heart in tender yearnings went.

But when beyond the pebbly marge
Again, with love delighted eyes,
She saw afar that mystic barge,
Saw Hayo-went-ha great and wise,—
Forgetting all love's care and smart,
What rare delights her bosom swayed!
What rapture thrilled that gentle heart—
Fell like a mantle on the maid!

And if beside the waiting sea
Her pulse a deeper joy confessed
To mark that Chee-maun speeding free.—
Oh! how divine a peace and rest
The maiden bosom owned, when near
She saw him by the wigwam stand;
With him the mat again to share,
And clasp again that dearer hand.

With something of the olden fire
Of Ongue Honwe's lofty mood,
Uprose the maiden's aged sire
To friendly greet him where he stood;
To make for Hayo-went-ha free
The wigwam's fairest couch and rest;
With pipe and meat and courtesy
Give welcome to his noble guest.[76]

And charming all the twilight shade,
Of deeds of other days they tell;
Of hunter chase o'er hill and glade,
Of braves that in the battle fell;
And all the home-delighting tales,—
Till by some saddened memory crossed,
Unfinished, late the story fails,—
Still musing on the loved and lost.

While she, the maiden, sat apart
Content to see the hour prolong,
Sat softly crooning to her heart
Some stave of love-awakened song.
And so the darkness more and more
To silence fell, till all was still,
Save waves low-lapsing on the shore
And Wa-won-ais-se's plaining shrill.

But when the night was overpassed,
When rested of his weariness,
And he again had broke his fast,—
As he would all his heart confess,
From out his Chee-maun forth he bore
And wide the costly treasures spread,
Such as might friendship heighten more:
And Hayo-went-ha, speaking, said:

"As is our people's custom, so
I bring you gifts; such gifts as be
Not all unworthy; yet I know
What in return I ask of thee
The richest boon can never buy;
In more than friendly bond allied,
I seek in these love's dearer tie—
I seek this maiden for my bride."

Incurious of each costly braid,
The aged Chieftain from his mat
Put by his pipe, looked on the maid
And lonely musing, silent sat ;[37]
As he her heart would question so,
Or through the rising mist of tears
Far-looking into eyes that glow
And brighten from the vanished years.

"Take her, O Hayo-went-ha !—she
Is all thine own," bespoke her sire ;
"I scorn not gifts like thine to me,
But love is more than vain desire.
O take her !—she with thee will go ;
And wifely-wise her heart shall bear
The name and fame thou dost bestow,
And worthy thou of bride so fair."

What bliss her lowly toiling lent
Through all the beauteous autumn days ;
For not alone the maiden went
To joyous pluck the ruddy Maize.
How quick and strong the hands to dare,
When love their labor more endears ;
For Hayo-went-ha, he would bear
The burden of the ripened ears.[38]

O Love! thou lendst a heightened charm
Not to the maiden's brow alone;
No less upon his manly form
Thy all-ennobling presence shone,—
With a celestial luster glowed,
His every feature lightened through;
His very step, as forth he strode,
Seemed quickened with that rapture new.

As glad the orient's kindling glow
The hastening day betokens wide,
So beauty's rarer splendors show
The maiden ripening to the bride;
Her bosom throbs more tenderly,
More rarely shines each maiden grace;
More lovely than the maid, we see
The woman in the maiden face.

Love — only love, a beauty wears:
If touching but her shining hem
The plainest way-side damsel bears
More than a jewelled diadem.
And oh, what art can heighten more
The peerless charms that her adorn,
When she that was so fair before,
Transfigured, waits the nuptial morn!

On her, the forest's lowly maid,
Robed on with every virgin grace,
Whose proudest wish had never strayed
Beyond the Yong-we's home and place,
How passing fair love's mantle shone;
Love bears the true enchanter's wand,
And beauty wrought of love alone
Is beauty of the Morning Land.

Calm lit thy bridal, dawning bright;
Thy heart no baser feeling moved;
And Nature smiled her dear delight,
And Oway-neo glad approved
The chastened nuptial tie and band
Of hearts by simple love allied,
When thou, nor unadorned, didst stand
The noble Hayo-went-ha's bride.

More tender woke the woman's tone,
While like the morning's ruby rise
A radiant splendor round thee shone—
Looked beauteous from thy starry eyes,
O'er cheek and breast emmantled warm;
When thou, in all thy maiden charms,
Didst yield thy lovely maiden form
To Hayo-went-ha's manly arms.

Near in the rapture-burdened blue,
And dancing with love's fairy feet,
The twinkling O-jis-hon-da drew,
Peeped — conscious of love's secret sweet;
Wo-ne-da, winging o'er the wold,
Clasped in the yearning arms of Night,
Put back her bosom's cloudy fold,
Made crimson with the new delight.

The wood through all its leafiness
Stood — thrilled with maiden tenderness;
The yearning sea returned the kiss,
And blushed, of Morning's fond caress.
The bridal waves ecstatic swam,
Lapsed fainting on the loving shore;
The Zephyr, bearing nectar-balm,
Fell, drunken with the bliss it bore, —

As forth they wandered hand in hand,
Approved by Nature's mother-heart,
Love well had wrought the nuptial band, —
What more might solemn rite impart?
If love the wedding feast prepare,
Love at the marriage banquet wait,
More than the priestly hand is there:
The very air is consecrate.

THE AFTER-DAYS.

O Flower of Love! though wildling born,
Your lowly buds that blossom free
Do fair the tree of life adorn,
That else had been a barren tree.

Though fragrance sweet beyond compute
Is thine, and beauty passing praise,
More precious far the ripened fruit
We garner in the After Days.

XI

THE AFTER-DAYS.

Where singing like a joyous thing
Went Yo-yo-hon-to on its way,
Where on the night-wind's lightest wing
Came up Ti-o-to's "E-wa-yea,"
There, beauteous on the grassy strand
And near beside the sheltering wood,
And wrought by Hayo-went-ha's hand,
The new-built wigwam brightly stood.

And patient toiled he many a day
With sinew-string and barky thong,
With loop and seam and stitch and stay,
Intent to make it firm and strong.
Then forth he went with shaft and bow
And many a hairy skin he bore,
Of Yek-wai and of O-kwa-ho,
And softly matted all the floor.

To charm and guard his home and place
Its barky sides he pictured fair
With to-tems of his name and race,—
Where fierce the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear
High on its barky cover shone;
Each type and symbol, such as thence
The greatly wise may draw alone
The mystery of the hidden sense.

And there he brought the aged sire,
And there Nyah-tah-wanta came;
She broke the sticks, she built the fire,—
While sweeter than the crackling flame
The song that murmured in her heart,
So overfull of love's unrest.
Oh! love can wake the songful art
That slumbers in the rudest breast.

Glad wore the days, with joy allied,
Of Hayo-went-ha's hunter-life;
And she that was a beauteous bride
More beauteous ripened to the wife;
And if at whiles o'erwearied pressed
The feet the household burdens bore,
It sweetened more the after-rest:
Love-lit, the Home-fire brightened more.

But fairest life will sorrows dim:
Erelong, with mighty arm and cold,
Dread O-wah-ai-gut came for him—
Her sire—more feeble grown and old,
And bore him to the Better Land;
Land that the dim horizon bounds,
Where roams each dusky tribe and band—
The nobler Spirits' Hunting Grounds.

And him they dressed with loving care:
They wrapped him in his blanket new,
His moccasins that were beaded fair,
His snowy leggins softly drew;[39]
His brow they bound with warrior-band
And crowned it with the eagle-plume;
They laid his war-club in his hand,
Then bore him to the waiting tomb.

And Hayo-went-ha, through his tears,
Said, speaking to the chieftain gone:
"O thou whom parting more endears,
Belovèd! who hast journeyed on,
Albeit a weary way and long,
To land where noble Hunters dwell,
The Mighty Warriors, brave and strong,
O! Knee-ha, Father! fare thee well."[40]

Nyah-tah-wanta's deeper pain
Her trembling lips but ill expressed;
Her tears were like the summer rain,
And like the rain, they soothed and blest:
Her cheek the sod in anguish pressed,
But not for long; she leaned her head
On Hayo-went-ha's manly breast
And wept — and then was comforted.

Again the days in beauty wore:
Erelong Nyah-tah-wanta pressed —
The dream her maiden bosom bore —
Her darling to her mother's breast.
As to Nyah-tah-wanta he
In all the years had dearer grown,
So, in her motherhood, was she
More truly Hayo-went-ha's own.

Though hers the woman's destiny —
Though pain the mother's love unsealed,
No tearful sorrow-burdened cry
The mother's anguished pain revealed;
For she the lofty faith possessed,
That, coward weakness held in scorn,
Endurance in the mother-breast
Wrought courage in the newly-born.[1]

How wondrous strange a beauty hath
The glimmering life, so newly lit;
How sweet along the home-led path
The pattering of the tiny feet.
Can rarer joy for mortal be,
A purer bliss may mortal know,
Than on love's bounteous breast to see
A dearer life in beauty grow?

The bridal days come back again,
Love brightens to each fond caress;
Aye! even the mother's deeper pain
Do soft endearments turn to bliss;
What good may heart of Woman own,
What joy her simple joy above,
Far dwelling in the forest lone?—
What is there more than home and love?

When from the land had fled amain
The winter glooms, in cheerful toil
She took great O-nust's luscions grain
And hid it in the fruitful soil.
She anxious watched the tiny spears,
Made mellow round each springing blade,
Or joyous plucked the ripened ears,
As meet for Indian wife or maid.

Or, with the housewife's frugal care,
Far through the forest's windy ways
She roamed, the fallen nuts to bear
And garner for the wintry days:
Or in the woods the sticks would break
And bear them to her lowly door,
To cook the Mosa-meat, and make
The cheerful Home-fire brighten more.

While Hayo-went-ha wore the day
In following with his shaft and bow
The lofty-antlered Me-sha-way,
Or fiercely-howling O-kwa-ho:
The snowy Wau-bos, tender-eyed,
The Jit-sho with the wary tread,
The Ne-jig with the sleeky hide,
The shagged Yek-wai, prowling dread.

She watched the midnight-brooding star
Chased by the dawn, and unafraid
Save but for him, whose feet afar
Still in the hunter-chase delayed;
Or in his Chee-maun fleet and free,
That willing went and willing came,
Borne lightly o'er the foaming sea
Where, waiting, lit the Council-flame.

When from the Council Fire returned,
He rested on his couch and mat,
The cheerful blaze more brightly burned;
When by its kindling flame he sat,
Or shone the robe so newly wrought
On Hayo-went-ha's manly breast,
Like that the bridal morning brought
The joy the wifely heart confessed.

And more the mother's breast would own
The mother's joy, nor less delight
The little maid, when gaily shone
Her fawn-skin kirtle, snowy-white:
And day by day, in rarer grace
The lithesome form did heighten more:
Nor less the soul that lit the face
Grew, — curious of all forest-lore.

To charm the twilight, waiting lone,
She from the wigwam's fables old
Told of the deeds in days unknown,
Or childhood's fairy stories told:
Of Mana-bo-zho — he that set
His legs to roast the Kee-wau-nee;
Whence came the willows red, that yet
Are gory-red — as you can see.

Of Shin-ge-bis so brave and bold,
Or duck or man, as he might please;
Him that, with all his storm and cold,
Kabi-bon-ok-ka could not freeze.
All stories of the vanished years,
The wondrous fireside Folk-songs old
Told to the maiden's willing ears;
As but by Indian mothers told.

The while the reedy mats she made
Or lit the embers, falling dim,
Or wove the precious wampum-braid
And charmed the hour with thoughts of him;
Or, Hayo-went-ha more to bless,
The little maiden by her side,
With patient hand of weariness
She dressed Skan-o-do's hairy hide.

And growing, more the maiden grew
The mother's joy, the father's pride:
She all the wigwam fables knew,
Nor less her hand to labor plied;
But when her little task was done,
So learned in all the stories old,
Her pretty tongue would prattle on—
Re-tell the tales the mother told.

You would a willing ear have lent :
Like this her simple legendry :—

"As through the woods the Be-zhu went
Sore pressed with hunger, did he see
High on a bank beyond his reach
The snowy Wau-bos, tender-eyed ;
And in his very sweetest speech
'Come here, my pretty one,' he cried.

"The gentle beast, replying, spake :
'I thank you, but it cannot be ;
My mother said, I must not make,
Most noble sir, with strangers free.'
'O loveliest!' he answered fair,
Obedient child, you need not fear ;
How worthy of such parent's care!
I am a relative, my dear.

"'Of yours, and only wish to send
A word to those we love ;—O stay!'
He said, 'I am your dearest friend,
Indeed!—come down to me, I pray.'
She, at his flattering address,
Forgot her mother's good advice ;
And drawing near, that Hare, alas!
Was torn and eaten in a trice."

* * *

She told of love the tender tales ;
Of him that journeyed far and high,
Son of the Evening Star that trails
A glory down the western sky :—

——o——

"Osseo wrinkled was and old—
All for an Evil Manito ;
But he was good and wise and bold—
His was a tender heart and true.

"And Oweenee, the lovely maid,
She all her lovers turned away,
Though decked with beads and wampum-braid
And young and brave and painted gay.

"They laughed when she Osseo wed—
Laughed at his feeble step and slow ;
But 'I am happy,' still she said,
And who is foolish you shall know.'

"Osseo wrinkled was and old ;—
He hid him in a hollow tree ;
When forth he came a youth, behold !—
No other youth so fair as he.

"Oh, none indeed did ever know
Such straight and tall and handsome man,
With all the fleetness of the Roe—
With all his strength come back again!

"Alas! the magic witchery
That unto him such beauty lent,
Made her, his dearest Oweenee,
Decrepid, wrinkled, old and bent.

"Yet spake Osseo words of cheer;
He called her still each tender name,
He called her Nee-nee-moosh-a dear—
He called her sweetheart all the same.

"Though they, the Evil Powers, did mar
Her every feature, he could see
Within and shining like a star,
All lovely still, his Oweenee.

"And with a cry he broke the spell:
Lo! all the wrinkled ugliness
Fell from her—like a garment fell,—
Left only beauty's charm and grace.

"But all the lovers, sisters, they
That flouted, jeered and spake her ill,
Were changed to birds and flew away,
And in the woods are singing still.

"While like the morn that night illumes,
Was Oweenee, so lovely grown;
Or like the Swan with glistening plumes,
So new her snowy kirtle shone.

"Her bowls no longer were of wood,
Her kettles all like silver showed;
The barky lodge that glimmering stood,
Like flaming wings, it swayed and glowed.

"Then heard they far-off voices call,
That through the twilight tender fell:
'The magic spells are broken all,—
Come, in the Stars immortal dwell.'

"And lo! the wigwam rising free,
Went speeding through the ether far;
Till with Osseo, Oweenee,
It rested on the Evening Star.

"No more to wrinkled grow and die,
No more in weary toil to pine:
To dance and sing — not weep and cry —
To like the starlight glow and shine."

—o—

All home-delighting tales she told: —
Of him, the wrestler never thrown,
The greatest trickster, jester bold,
The greatest mischief-maker known;
Him, Pau-puk-kee-wis, wizard sprite,
That in a hundred forms was slain,
Yet ever with new strength and might
In bird and beast did live again.

Of him, far seeking fairer boon
Than is the noblest gift of men. —
Iosco, to the sun and moon
That journeyed, and returned again;
Of all the wonders that he saw,
The strange adventures that befel,
Of every mighty Manito
That helped or hindered, she could tell.

Of the Magician's Daughter; she,
The Red Swan, whose gay plumage lent
A glory to the land and sea;
Who, when his magic arrows spent,
Still on and on the hunter drew
And all his manly courage tried;
Until, so brave was he and true,
He won the maiden for his bride.

And of the shining Stone Canoe,
Wherein the hapless lover passed
Into the Land of Souls, and saw
The maiden he had mourned, — the rest
That waits on all the good and brave, —
Land where no parting is or pain:
Returning thence across the wave
He trod this darkened Earth again.

Of Kwa-sind, Mana-bo-zho's friend,
So strong that mighty rocks he threw;
Who freed the rivers, cleared the land,
And A-meek, King of Beavers, slew.
Who for his pride of strength and might,
For all his pride and boasting vain,
Was slain, alas! in hate and spite —
By little mean Puck-Wudj-ies slain.

Of him that, fasting all too long,
Changed to O-pee-chee, — gaily sings
Till all the grove is loud with song, —
So happy in the gift of wings.
Of the Foam Woman, Pee-ta-Kway,
The Moccasins that enchanted draw;
Of her the Fairies stole away,
The lovely maiden Lee-li-nau.*

And more, as grows the kindling dawn,
In beauty grew the little maid;
That free and lithesome as the fawn
Went dancing through the windy glade;
And oft when summer breezes fanned
Her glowing cheek, afar was heard
Her little song, that o'er the land
She caroled like a singing bird.

And as in stature, more she grew
In forest-lore, till passing well
She all the marvelous stories knew.
More than Iago's self could tell.
Nor less a maiden heart and kind
Her bosom bore, while in her face
Shone all the father's wiser mind
Lit with the mother's tender grace.

* Hiawatha Legends, by H. R. Schoolcraft.

Serene the days had onward flown,
The years that only came to bless,
And Hayo-went-ha great had grown
In majesty and nobleness;
More wide had spread his prophet-fame
The Dusky Tribes to lead and teach;
And many a warrior chieftain came
To hearken to his wiser speech.

His name on every wind had flown
Wherever dusky warriors roam;
Yet dearer to his heart had grown
The long-familiar paths of home;
Its soothing tones that gently woke,
Still more had power to charm and bless;
And in his voice, the while he spoke,
There dwelt a deeper tenderness.

And teaching, more himself had taught
Of all this being's end and aim;
That mighty deeds, with glory fraught,
If fame, is not the noblest fame;
Not triumph in the bloody strife
Nor yet to give to pleasure loose,
But that the measure meet of life
Is Virtue, Wisdom, Love and Use.

THE COUNCIL.

Blest Oway-neo high above,
Thou only mighty, all in all,
O Thou that art Immortal Love,
Must bear us or we faint and fall!
O! give us more of trust to feel
In Thee; Thee more to understand;
To see in all, or woe or weal,
Thy presence and thy loving hand.

XII

THE COUNCIL.

As if too much might bliss endear
This all too-quickly passing life,
Erelong to Hayo-went-ha's ear
Came rumors of War's ruthless strife;
The fell Algonquin warriors fierce
With war-ax red and angry bow
Had come; their savage yells did pierce
The very home of Manito.

And lo! afar the lurid streaks
From flaming wigwams lighted past;
While Kax-aa's cries and Yong-we's shrieks
Dread mingled with the awful blast.
A sorrow wail that, east or west,
Or north or south, still onward swept.
And kindled in each dusky breast
The fiery soul that long had slept.

And forth at Hayo-went-ha's call
The widely-scattered chieftains came,
Where fearful shone night's gloomy pall,
Lit with the mighty Council-flame—[43]
Far kindled on Yo-non-to, high
Above the Onondaga flood;
Bright flaring on the midnight sky,
Illuming hill and wave and wood.

Three days that beacon-light had shone
On plumes a thousand warriors wore;
Still Hayo-went-ha waited lone
Beside Ti-o-to's farther shore,
Nor to the Council came; and fleet
Went hunters, swiftest in the chase,
Went messengers with flying feet,
To bring him to the Council-place.

And him they found;—nor bold and proud
He stood, as one of noble state;
But sat he mute, in sorrow bowed—
The presage of a darker fate.
His breast an evil omen bore,
Foretelling he no more should come
Back from the Council-place, nor more
Be gladdened by the smiles of home.

In fitting words, nor overbold,
To him they spake: how, burning dim,
The Council still delayed; they told
What mighty chieftains waited him;
What braves the fiercer foe had slain;
How women wept and children mourned:
Till pitying so his People's pain.
Or he his lighter sorrow scorned.

Or bowing to the will of Fate,—
Uprose; and not as one bereft.
But with a firmer step elate:
And on that manly face was left
Of anguished thought, nor trace nor stain;
But with the olden fire imbued—
The scorn of fear, the scorn of pain
Of Ongue Honwe's lofty mood.

Bright in the morning's dawning light
Shone Hayo-went-ha's Prophet-face.
As it some passion's stormy might
Had lit and left a fiery trace;
His brow of mighty purpose showed,
His eye of valor's kindling ken;
His very step, as forth he strode,
Was haughty, as of kingly men.

And forth again the wondrous barge
From out its secret place he brought;
Bore softly to the pebbly marge
The bark by mystic fingers wrought—
The Chee-maun blest of Manito,
That paddle-bearing hand had none,
Yet fleetly on, and onward drew
When Hayo-went-ha willed it on:

That bore him in the days before,
In radiant summers long agone,
To fair Ti-o-to's pebbly shore,
When, lit with love's awakening dawn,
It glowed as Oway-neo there
Had built his wigwam on the strand.
Oh, love can make the common rare—
Make every land a summer-land!

It erst had many a storm withstood;
Him with his mighty bow it bore
To slay the monsters of the flood,
Great Ke-ka-dah-nong on the shore:
And far on many a stranger sea,—
Wherever most might knowledge loose
Her sacred seal, or glory be;
But now should prove its nobler use

As if with warrior-pride elate,
Or felt again love's fond desire,
It lightly skipped, as loth to wait
To bear him to the Council Fire;
On Onondaga's breast to dance—
Far on the sea to dance and leap,
Before the westering sun should glance
His arrows from the rocky steep.

In royal mantle woven fair,
Nyah-tah-wanta's hand had made,
Where shone the Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear,
Shone fierce in many a to-tem braid;
In moccasins with the marvelous hem,
In snowy leggins, beaded grand,
Inwrought with many a curious gem,—
He trod the Onondaga strand.

And her he called—the little maid—
From out the leafy summer wood,
Glad singing through the windy glade
The simple songs of maidenhood;
And when anear she lightly run,
Said to the maiden tenderly,
"Go, put your beaded kirtle on,
Your mantle new, and go with me."

And as the maid with quicker tread
And gayer song went lightly by,
The mother, though she nothing said,—
The mother, though she knew not why,
Was loth to let the damsel go:
Perchance within a deeper breast,
Of danger that she did not know,
She felt the trouble and unrest.

Swift sped afar the mystic bark,
Bright on the tide the morning broke:
But Hayo-went-ha, brooding dark,
Looked on the tide, and nothing spoke;
As if he spied in outward sight,
Or saw with clearer inner eye,
Or inly felt the spell and might
Of awful sorrow, boding nigh.

Though with that omened dread imbued,
Some tender thought his bosom bore
Unto the mother where she stood,—
Sad lingered on the pebbly shore.
Nyah-tah-wanta watching vain
That magic Chee-maun speeding fast,
Still looked and wept, and felt the pain
As if that parting were the last.

When lost unto her anxious sight,
She homeward turned with weary tread
To mourn the wigwam's lost delight;
While unto him, as on he sped,
Ti-o-to's banks, receding, grew
More dim and faint;—still on, away
To where the hurrying currents drew
Of swiftly-running Seneca.

And many an ill-foreboding bird
Along the reedy borders woke;
A grief-betokening tone he heard
In great Da-hin-da's hoarser croak;
The war Ke-neu, with screech and squall,
Bore to his ear a sorrow-cry;
In noisy Wa-wa's honking call
He heard an evil prophecy.

The pretty maid, with heart elate,
Her paddle in the limpid sea,
Sat,—only so to keep it straight,
The Chee-maun lightly speeding free;
Or more to charm her maiden care
Or so the lingering hour to chide,
She pulled the lilies blooming fair,
Or watched the silver ripples glide.

Her little songs she softly sang
Or watched the tiny minnows throng.
Or listened to the lonely Mahng
Nor heard in his a troubled song:
She saw the Sa-wa darting free.
Skan-o-do browsing in the wood;
Nor thought of coming ill had she,
The little maiden, fair and good.

And still away it lightly run,
Like wing of bird—that light canoe:
Still Hayo-went-ha willed it on,
And still the willing current drew:
Till swiftly up the So-ha-hi
That airy bark he lightly pressed:
Now Onondaga glimmers nigh—
Lo! now he skims its flashing breast.

High on Yo-non-to far away
A thousand dusky warriors wait:
The morn is passed, and still they say,—
"He comes not—Hayo-went-ha great."
But lo! along the reedy marge
A lonely Chee-maun speeding free:
And—"Knee-ha! Knee-ha!" greets the barge:
"My father!—father!—it is he!!"

Near and more near ;—he gains the shore ;
From out the bark with loving hand
The maiden dear he lightly bore ;
While voices, waking all the land,
The Chieftain greet,—now more their hope.
A thousand warriors on him wait
To bear him up the grassy slope,
Where, empty, waits the lodge of state.

But lo ! what sound from far is heard ?
What fierce-descending form is there
With pinions of a mighty bird,
That rived and blackened all the air ?
How thrilled the bravest hearts with fear !
With wings that brought the gloom of night,
That terror-bearing creature near
Swooped frightful on their startled sight.

Still down—and down ; still circling nigh,
While deepened more the shrouding gloom ;
Still down—and down :—till all the sky
Shone awful with impending doom !
How fled the frightened multitude—
Fled wild and shrieking everywhere !
While calm great Hayo-went-ha stood—
He and the little maiden fair.

And why should Hayo-went-ha flee?
Or why should fear his heart appall?
Was not great Oway-neo, He
The Mighty Ruler over all,
Around him in the fearful ways,
As in the path that peaceful smiles?
To yield him more these frailer days,
Or bear him to the Happy Isles.

Swift sped the shafts from thousand strings—
Swift sped, and true,—but all in vain;
For though the monster's frightful wings
Lay shivered on the crimson plain.—
A cry, that startled all the vale,
That shook the listening sea with dread,
Went up;—a wail—an awful wail
For her, the Chieftain's darling—dead.

And wonder more their sorrow stirred:
For lo! where stood the little maid,
Killed—dreadful!—by that frightful bird,
Itself crushed dead along the glade.
Nor lifeless form nor human trace
Was there, nor parted vesture found;
Though strewn with plumes was all the place,
And blood-besprinkled all the ground.

And over Hayo-went-ha's soul
The mighty tides of anguish swept;
He bowed him to their fierce control,
And sorely sorrow-stricken wept;
And grief from bravest hearts outpoured—
Rang piercing through the frightened air;
Till waking Echo, weeping, heard
The wail and lamentation there.

Three days he wept beside the sea,—
He wept till he could weep no more;
Three days of tearful agony
Prostrate he lay along the shore;
Nor tasted food day after day,
Bemoaning wild her sadder fate;
He nothing spake—as dead he lay,
Heart-broken and disconsolate.

And Nature, grieving, mourned with him:
As brooding her untimely doom,
The saddened watch-fire flickered dim,
The midnight wore a deeper gloom;
The Moon her cloudy mantle drew
In sorrow for the stricken Chief;
The darkened woods, the long night through,
Stood silent in the hush of grief.

Along the sea more lonesome woke
The moaning of the lonely Mahng;
The great Da-hin-da's hoarser croak
From out the brake more doleful rang:
The Ko-ko-ko-ho's mournful hoot
Blent with the Wa-won-ais-se's moan:
The troubled waves, with swash and brnit,
Lapsed with a wailing undertone.

The while the Council still delayed,—
Delayed his wiser speech to hear,
When he his deeper grief had stayed.
At length to him with words of cheer
Came the kind-hearted Hosee Noke;
His head upraising from the ground,
He unto Hayo-went-ha spoke,
Who thence a little comfort found.

Where he had lain upon the sands
He sat;—his trembling knees he pressed:
His gray locks, in tear-tangled strands,
Fell down upon that aching breast.
But broken was that spell; allayed
His grief; him meat they brought and bread;
He, sitting mute, his hunger stayed,
And eating, more was comforted.

Erelong amid that faithful band
He stood as one for honor meet,
Majestic, fitted to command;
Once more with quickened pulses beat
His heart within a tranquil breast;
More brightly glowed his prophet-face,
As he the joy and peace possessed
Of Oway-neo's Shining Place.

O Prophet Soul! to thee allowed,
As ever to the good and wise,
To see beyond the storm and cloud
The glimmer of the morning-rise;
And loss like thine, that deeply grieves
The heart that most may love confess,
Upon the chastened spirit leaves
The seal of every nobleness.

And if his thought still wandered prone
To her, the darling little maid,
Or her, the mother far and lone,
No truant tear his grief betrayed.
The warrior brave alone was seen;
His very step—so free and bold—
Or where he sat, his lofty mien,
Alone of valorous purpose told.

Once more in Wolf-skin robe arrayed,
In snowy plume and eagle crest,
With mighty heart,—its grief allayed—
With all the greatness of the past
Again returned, calm as before
Stood ONGUE HONWE'S noblest Chief,—
The Council called; remembering more
His stricken People's greater grief.

His royal mantle, wove and wrought
With to-tems of his race and name,
That from his face a glory caught,
Shone like the Council-kindled flame:
Where fierce the Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear
Did frown and glower, as in a cage
The living beasts were prisoned there,
And scarce restrained their fiery rage.

Again he strode with kingly tread,
Or, mid the braves that round him wait,
Nor token showed of grief or dread,
Sat—greatest of the chieftains great.
With grave intent he listened long;
Heard many a fiery speaker tell
Of all his People's woe and wrong,
Till twilight's deepening shadows fell.

Then rising, brief he spoke; he said:
"Whom the Great Spirit hath bereft,
Again — nor all uncomforted —
Before you stands. Of blessings left
Than of the lost, he that is wise
Takes more account; the ills of Fate
Blest are to him whose heart relies
On love of Oway-neo great."

And — "What ye spake, braves, I have heard.
Haste is not meet; whoso is wise
Weighs all, and finds the fitting word; —
Nor yet too late. To just appraise
What in our need may profit, seek
Ye counsel of to-morrow's sun;
Again will Hayo-went-ha speak.
He that has said it, — he is done."

The slow-departing day has fled,
The shadows deepen on the land
Where, all unvexed of coward dread,
Hope-girded waits that noble band
Of warrior braves; their faces lit
Fierce, like the flames that pale and glow,
As watching late, they wary sit
Around the camp-fire, blazing low.

And silence with the brooding night
Falls like a mantle over all,
Save where along the rocky height
Is heard the Ko-ko-ko-ho's call;
The soaring Wa-wa's honking clang,
Or mournful on the farther sea
The crying of the lonely Mahng.
Or waves' low-lapsing minstrelsy.

SPEECH

—OF—

HAYO-WENT-HA.

Made potent with the might of Speech
Thought holds the keys of Destiny;
And borne on fiery lips may reach
And mold the Ages yet to be.
Whoso can speak the fitting word
When darkly threatening perils wait,
His tongue is mightier than the sword
To shape a Nation's future fate.

XIII

SPEECH OF HAYO-WENT-HA.

Ho! my People!—all ye bands!
Ongue Honwe's greatness prove.
He that now before you stands
Loves you with a father's love;
Love that wrongs still more endear,
Wrongs this grieving heart has heard.
All ye wandering tribes give ear!
Hearken Hayo-went-ha's word.

Fierce is your Algonquin foe;
Far the wail of sorrow wakes;
Noblest braves are bowed in woe,
Every heart with anguish aches;
Dark the wigwams, smouldering, reek,
Lurid glares the ghastly light;
Kax-aa's cry and Yong-we's shriek
Make more hideous the night.

Brothers! that before me stand,
Though of many a lodge and name,
Though of many a tribe and band,
One in hope and one in aim.
And may one in greatness grow,—
Let not fear your hearts appall:
But remembering this our foe
Is the common foe of all,—

Hearken! Ye that far have come,
Ye that nearer dwell!— The same
Unto all alike is home;
Dear the warrior's name and fame:
And,—as will your valor prove,
On the war-path unafraid,—
Dear is Yong-we's heart of love,
Dear the wigwam's mat and shade.

And in warning sign to-day,
That ye see not, do I see
In the coming battle-fray
Must ye more than brothers be.
By the friendly hand ye reach
Each to each, ye stand or fall;
Only so the good of each
Finding in the good of all.

Lo! this mantle that I bear,
Mark the hem that glitters so;
In each fold, bright woven there,
See our warrior to-tems show!
Part the thongs that interlace,
All this beauty, wondrous wrought,
Parted from its use and place—
Many a piece—the thing were naught.

Now, alas! my people all
Like the separate pieces show;
Severed still, they can but fall,
Strength nor use nor beauty know.
But by loving bond and thong
Wove, as is this wondrous vest,
Then a People great and strong,
And by Oway-neo blest.

Round this Council Fire to-day
We may shape the future fate
Of the tribes, that severed stray,
To a Nation wise and great.
Singly we can never cope
With these fierce Algonquin bands;
Union is our only hope—
Union of our hearts and hands.

Ours a common cause must be!
But one hope all hearts inspire;
But one name, one destiny,
But one pipe, one Council Fire,
But one war-club must we know,
Wielded by one common hand:
One war-cry, one warrior-bow,
But one home, one common land!

Brothers! hearken what I say!
Hayo-went-ha's words are good:
Union is our hope to-day—
All our hope in brotherhood!
If you wise my counsel heed,
Of the foe that now we fear
Soon shall all the land be freed.
Ho! each separate Tribe give ear!

Mohawks,—

Ye, whose footstep lightly treads
Where the Great Tree branches wide—
Far its greening shelter spreads,
Ye who in its shade abide,
Ye whose hearts are bold and free,
Ye whose arms are mighty all
Shall among the Nations be
First to wake the Council-call.

Onondagas,—

Ye, whose habitations nigh
By the Great Hills peaceful keep;
Near by Yo-nond, beetling high,
Shadowed by its cragged steep;
For in that in you I see—
In you all—the gifted speech,
Yours the second place shall be;
Great to lead and great to teach.

Senecas,—

Ye, whose dwelling-place is where
Wakes Ku-ha-go's sough and moan,
Ye whose homes are builded fair
In the forest dark and lone;
For in that you greatly show
Cunning in the hunter chase,
For your mighty hunter-bow,
Third shall be your Council-place.

Oneidas,—

Ye who in the Council shine—
On the war-path mighty grown;
Ye who strong and great recline
By the Everlasting Stone;
That you counsel always wise,
Neither weak nor over-bold,
Shall you great in Council rise,
Fourth your place in Council hold.

Cayugas,—

Ye whose homes are builded nigh
Where the open country lies;
Ye whose wigwams, wide and high,
Show a skillful hand and wise;
For in this, that in your fields
Much of corn and beans I see,
That your patient labor yields,
Fifth shall in the Council be.[44]

Brothers! that before me stand,
Though of many a lodge and name,
Though of many a tribe and band,
One in hope and one in fame!
In this bond united be:
None shall make your hearts afraid;
You a Nation great and free,
Never foe will dare invade.

And to you with feeble hands
That a fishing people are;
And to you the scattered bands
Widely wandering everywhere,
Strength shall this alliance lend;
So the weaker may not fall,
But the weakest find a friend
In the friendliness of all.

May He, Oway-neo great,
Smile upon your Council-flame,
And his blessing on you wait—
Heighten more your noble fame;
May you dwell, your sorrows passed,
Happy in the hunter-chase;
And your foot-steps tread at last
Inigorio's Shining Place.

But dissevered, evermore
On you shall the fiery frown
Of the angry Spirit pour;
War and famine darken down
Over all your goodly land,
Now the land of noble braves;
And your wigwams ruined stand,—
Ruined—by dishonored graves!

Often, in war's wild array,
Shall your dread Algonquin foe
Come—as he has come to-day—
Filling all the land with woe.
Or, again, more fierce and bold,
Come the Adirondack fell,
You—as from your homes of old—
From this fairer land expel.[45]

And no brave that coward bleeds
Shall the after-days recall ;
All your mighty fame and deeds
In the war-storm perished all !
Till on every land and shore
Where your children joyous throng,
Shall your names be heard no more
In the dance and in the song.

Brothers ! hearken what I say !—
Hayo-went-ha's words are good :
Union is our hope to-day —
All our hope in Brotherhood !
If by this my counsel led,
Choose ye by to-morrow's sun ;
Hayo-went-ha, he has said —
Hayo-went-ha, he is done.

HAYO-WENT-HA'S

MOURNING.

Who tells of Life the story through
Must of its gloom and shadow show;
Who sings of Love in numbers true
Must wake at whiles a song of woe.
No heart in any human breast
In any land, in any age,
The noblest born, the loveliest,
But bears a tear-dimmed sorrow-page.

XIV

HAYO-WENT-HA'S MOURNING.

To THE MIDNIGHT'S brooding star
Brightly Onondaga shows;
On Yo-non-to's summit far
Faintly dim the watch-fire glows;
Lone the Ko-ko-ko-ho's call
Echoes from the rocky steep;
Hoarse the Wa-wa's honkings fall
Sad along the lonely deep.

Lo! upon the shining sands
Hayo-went-ha lingers late;
Lone the mighty Chieftain stands
Brooding dark his sorrow great;
On his royal mantle fair
Sparkles many a costly gem;
O-jis-hon-da brightly there
Twinkle in each beaded hem.

Like a dirge, the sorrow-moan
That the night-birds, waking, sing
To his anguished breast alone.
Clear the dew-drops pearly cling,
Glistening on each shrub and tree;
Tears are they by Nature shed.—
Tears of loving sympathy
For the dear, untimely dead.

Through the moonlight falling faint
Where the deeper shadows gloam,
In the Wa-won-ais-se's plaint
Hears he still the voice of home:
Hears he a lament and sigh
In the zephyr, winging on;
Like his darling's dying cry
Seems the sighing of the Swan.

On he wends in deeper care,
Pensive on the lonely trail:
Lo! he startles,—what is there?
And his cheek is wan and pale:—
Now is seen—and now is gone,—
Vanished—like the little maid.
It is but the frightened fawn
Springing in the dusky shade.

Slowly, as in anxious quest,
With a measured step he strides;
Greatly heaves his mighty breast,
As a mighty grief it hides.
Now he stalks with mournful gaze
Far along the pebbly strand;
Now his troubled feet he stays
On the blood-besprinkled sand.

There still lies the awful bird,
Wide its broken wings are spread:
Now his deeper soul is stirred,
Grieving for the loved one dead;
To his yearning fatherhood
Now he bows his lofty pride:
Now is loosed the anguished flood,
Where the beauteous maiden died.

Low he bends upon the sands
Red with many a crimson stain;
Now he wrings his brawny hands
In his deepening grief and pain:
Tears that at their fountain stayed
Water all the grassy plain—
Pouring for the little maid
He shall never see again.

Now he in his sorrow cries
Till the woods with sorrow wake,
On the night-wind wails and sighs
As his loving heart would break;
Till the lowly listening sea
Answers from its farther shore:
"Woe is me! Oh, woe is me!—
Woe is me forevermore!!"

Other thoughts more poignant stir
In his heart that wanders prone,
Pierced and bleeding, unto her,—
Her, the mother, waiting lone
In the Yong-we's home and place;
Now with tearful eyes and red,
Soon, alas! to wail and cry
For her precious darling dead.

Up and down the purple shore
Wanders dark the stricken chief;
In his sorrow sorrowing more
For her trouble, pain and grief:
In the wigwam left behind,
Mourning for her parted child,
She will never comfort find
For her anguish fierce and wild.

Hark!—in many a sigh and moan,—
Oh, alas! that he must go
In his Chee-maun all alone
Where Ti-o-to's billows flow!
Evermore to weep and yearn,
To the wigwam's mat and shade
How can he again return
Taking not the little maid?[46]

How the bitter tidings bear?
Oh, what ill might her betide,
Seeing Hayo-went-ha there,
But no maiden by his side!
How that dearer heart would ache!
Can he meet that tearful gaze?
Oh, the tender heart may break—
Oh, the darkened after-days!

If to go is sorest grief,
Not to go—it deepens more;
Who can give her pain relief,
Waiting on that troubled shore?
Watching through the lonely day
Through the lonely night in vain,
For the loved ones far away,
She will never see again.

Nobler soul! Though uncontrolled
Is the woe thy bosom knows;
In its anguish unconsoled,
In each loving tear that flows,
For the loved ones pouring free;
In thy pierced and bleeding breast,
In its pulse of agony
Is thy greatness more confessed.

Oh, methinks the mighty heart
Bravest in the battle-strife,
Sorrowed, feels a keener smart!
He that girds a noble life,
He that deeds heroic dares,
Deeds that most do greatness prove,—
Deeper pain his bosom bears,
Throbbing with its larger love.

Yet shall he, so sorely pressed
By the evil hand of fate,
Owning in a deeper breast
Love of Oway-neo great,
Soonest in the darkened years
Yield the pain of ills that throng
To the medicine of tears,—
In the Faith Immortal strong.

THE LEAGUE.

O ! peerless dream of Brotherhood !
Thou art Man's noblest heritage;
The perfect State, the final good
That still delays from age to age.

Thy fairest fruit still ripens late,
O ! Tree of Life ! thy blossoms new
Give rarer promise; — still we wait
The years to make their promise true.

XV

THE LEAGUE.

In all his greatness unsubdued,
Nor trace betrayed of sorest grief,
He wore again his lofty mood—
He, Ongue Honwe's noblest Chief;
In royal mantle rich arrayed,
The royal mantle woven fair,
That showed in many a to-tem braid
Inwove, the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear.

Though in the kindling Council-flame
They frowned and glowered as in a cage,
The mighty beasts, and all untamed,
Could scarce restrain their fiery rage:—
They on that tranquil bosom great
Now low with peaceful look reclined:
As if they took the hue and state
Of Hayo-went-ha's mood and mind.

Again,—the Council called,—he broke
The silence with his manly word.
Though Hayo-went-ha little spoke,
The waiting braves, that eager heard,
Rapt hung upon his every tone
With reverence not unmixed with awe;
As if in him, so proud to own
Their chieftain, they their savior saw.

——o——

"Brothers! wherefore should I speak?—
More can Hayo-went-ha say?
You—the after-thought is weak—
Heard his word of yesterday;
Heard what Hayo-went-ha spake,
Word of Hayo-went-ha true;
Shall to-day the Council break,—
But to-day is left to do.

"Fair the smiles that on us fall
From Great Oway-neo won;
Lo! his cloudy garments all
Has he taken from the sun;"[47]
He that sees with clearer sight,
Knowing all our heart's desire,
Mildly, with approving light,
Brightens on our Council Fire.

"In His love alone we rest;
He be praised for every good;
So may be our Council blest,
And our every foe subdued;
Only He can shield from harm
When our fiercer foes assail;
Only in His mighty arm
May our weaker hand prevail.

"Brothers! that must ever be
One in hope and one in fame,
In your eyes a light I see
Brighter than the Council-flame
When its midnight brightness fell;
And I augur from its ray
You have pondered wisely well
On my word of yesterday.

"Brothers! that before me stand,
Though of many a lodge and name,
Though of many a tribe and band;
One in hope, and one in aim:
Shall we stand — or shall we fall? —
Are my words of counsel good?
Are your hands for Union all?
Are your hearts for Brotherhood?"

——o——

There fell a hush on all the land—
A hush portentous as a cry;
Then with one tongue, one purpose grand,
In peal on peal that thundered by,
Broke from the answering multitude:
"Yea! Knee-hah! Knee-hah! E-ghe-a!"
Reëchoed from the farthest wood—
"Yea! Father, Father, yea!" and "yea!"
* * * * * *

Ere sank the scream of wakened bird
To silence on the widening plain;
Ere Echo there, that startled heard,
Had ceased to answer back again;
Ere stilled afar the lonely Mahng
Its fright-awakened moan and sigh;
The scared Key-oshk its noisy clang,
The great Ke-neu its stormy cry;—

He, Hayo-went-ha, rose again,
And silence on the moment fell;
He only said: "Ye noble men—
Ye Ongue Honwe—that is well."
And what if eyes with tears were dim
If so they most might love confess;
He blessed them for their love of him.
But more for love of nobleness.

Then from beneath his wondrous vest
He drew the mighty symbol-roll,
With many a mystic sign impressed—
A curious hieroglyphic scroll.
He forth the sacred parcel brought
And on the ground outspread it wide;
The snowy parchment dressed and wrought
From great Skan-o-do's hairy hide.[48]

And every line whose beauty graced
That picture-writing wide unrolled,
That Hayo-went-ha's hand had traced,
Of Hayo-went-ha's wisdom told;
He, Oway-neo's Prophet true,
And greatly taught in knowledge thence,
Of type and sign and symbol knew
He all the marvelous secret sense.

First on that picture-page the sun—
The rising sun—was painted fair;
The emblem of the Mighty One
Whose dwelling-place is everywhere.
And dark was seen the gloomy night
Retreating on a stormy track;
As He alone with shining light
Could drive the awful shadows back.

Near Onondaga's billows were,
Afar the lofty Yo-nond stood;
And many a goodly land and fair
He pictured — wide with wave and wood;
With lake and river, hill and vale,
And grassy plain outstretched between,
Where, traced with each familiar trail,
His scattered People's homes were seen.

And large amid the symbols, framed
He fierce the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear,
As in the forest free, untamed;
For these their signs armorial were,
The warriors' royal heraldry,—
Their marks and to-tems savage, bold;
And seeing, each well knew that they
Of cunning, patience, valor told.

And bright beneath the rising sun
That seemed the place to guard and bless,
Five lofty wigwams all in one
Were seen, yet separate none the less;
And this the sense, the meaning lent:
The five in one of Union showed;
And separate none the less, it meant
The Union wrought of Brotherhood.

And there were drawn five brawny hands,
And none were great and none were small;
Therein was told—the several bands
United, should be equal all;
And in each hand a bended bow,
From each an arrow speeding fair;
In this the picture sought to show
That all should equal burdens bear.

Far-shining glowed the Council-flame;
Around it mighty sachems sit
Enrobed in garb of warrior-fame,
With painted faces, glory-lit;
And fairest forms of womanhood;
Therein this truth he sought to trace:
In cares of state—as Woman should—
Should Woman have her part and place.[49]

Bright on her matron brow was shown,
And glowing like a coronet,
And on her matron brow alone—
The royal signet, regal set;
And this I read on pictured page,
Where wisdom's symbols glow and shine:
In her all titled lineage—
Through her the sachem's noble line.[50]

Of beasts that roam the wild and wood
Did savage many a likeness show:
The fiercer Yek-wai, fat and good,
The hungry-howling O-kwa-ho:
Skan-o-do with his antlered head,
The snowy Wau-bos, tender-eyed,
The Jit-sho, with his wary tread,
The Ne-gig with his sleeky hide.

And many a wondrous bird he drew
That clove the air or swam the sea:
The war-bird, him, the great Ke-nen,
The Wa-wa and the Wau-be-zee;
And many a home-bird, such as sings
To charm the wigwam's waiting rest;
The Shaw-shaw with its shiny wing,
The Wa-won-ais-se's tender breast:

Great O-nust, bright with glowing ears,
And wigwams glad with happy bands.
And bended bows and sharpened spears,
And plumèd warriors, clasping hands.
A lofty tree, all leafy-green,
Outspread its branches high and wide,
Where sat the sachems wise, serene,
In unity and love allied.

Round all his hand a circle drew—
Hill, vale and mountain, plain and tree;
In this was seen the witness true
Of Union that should endless be.
A thousand forms their meaning lent:
Each type and symbol, understood,
Was seen the sign and instrument
Of Union and of Brotherhood.

And every line whose beauty graced
That strangely-written picture-scroll
That Hayo-went-ha's hand had traced,
Of Hayo-went-ha's wisdom told;
And where he stood, he, pointing to
Device and symbol, speaking thence,
From each its secret meaning drew,
Expounding all its wondrous sense.

Then forth the wampum-belt was brought:
The precious beads were wove and strung,
Each with its mystic meaning fraught;
The belt that speaks with wondrous tongue—
The symbols' import still unfolds
That on the snowy parchment stood;
The covenant and record holds—
Deed of that noble Brotherhood.[51]

And when into each shining strand
Was braided all their thought's intent,
Unto the wisest sachem's hand
He gave the mighty instrument;[2]
To guard and keep its sacred page,
Interpret all its mystery,
Its prudent laws, its precepts sage,—
To make a people great and free.

And, counseling each chieftain brave
As he had been a worthy son,
He unto each his blessing gave
As forth he called them—one by one,
To paint and trace with willing hand
Beneath the Tortoise, Wolf and Bear,
The to-tems of each lodge and band,
Their names and tribal to-tems there.

Then Oway-neo's Prophet true,
Great Hayo-went-ha, wise and good,
Who forth the dusky nations drew,
Who foremost in the Council stood:
Who stayed with love war's wasting brand,
Quelled olden feud and fell intrigue,—
Sealed with his noble name and hand
That Aquan-uschi-oni League.

THE FEAST.

How had it marred the joy complete.
The sweet content from dangers passed,
If they, who now to break their fast,
Of beast, of bread, of fish did eat, —
Who with the Master sat at meat,
Had known that feast would be the last.

XVI

THE FEAST.

THREE times had climbed the morning sun,
Now hanging at his highest noon;
Three times on midnight shadows dun
The flaming camp-fire light had shone;
Three days beside the foaming sea
The counseled warrior-braves had stood;
Ere long for mighty deeds to be
Renowned,—a noble Brotherhood!

Though fear had fanned the Council-flame,
Hope sweetly brightened on its close;
And weaker hearts, that trembling came,
Would valiant meet their fiercer foes;
A thousand warriors, painted gay,
Elate of friendly Union won,
Would wait the feast, then far away
Would bear the joyful tidings on.

Three days they had not tasted meat,
But with sublimest purpose wrought,
Toiling through fast to make complete
The fabric of their mighty Thought,
Shaped in those fearful Council-days,
To live when all the braves had passed;
That all the after years should praise:—
Now they again would break their fast.

With savor that did most delight
Each hungry sense,—so sweet and good,
In many a bowl all snowy white,
The Scho-ta-sa-min baking stood;
Great O-nust, smoking, waited hot
In many a cake; the hunters' game
Steamed fragrant in each earthen pot,
Hung reeking round the hissing flame.

The fruit of many a hunter-bow:
Skan-o-do from the leafy wood,
The hungry-howling O-kwa-hu,
The fiercer Yek-wai fat and good;
The wily Be-zhu prowling dread,
The Me-sha-way with antlers wide,
The Jit-sho with his wary tread,
The snowy Wau-bos tender-eyed.

With many a scaly beast that leaps
And flounders in the watery caves;
Great Do-di-ah-to from the deeps,
The Sah-wa from the shallow waves;
Jik-on-sis with his speckled breast,
O-nok-sa glistening like the morn,
Da-hin-da in his shining vest,
U-no-wul in his shell of horn.

And many a bird that ran or flew:
The Ta-wis and the Oghk-we-se,
The So-ha-ut of sable hue,
The Ka-ka and the Kwa-ra-re.
And many a fowl that clanged the spring:
The quacking So-ra from the brake,
The Wau-be-zee with downy wing,
The honking Wa-wa from the lake.

Great Ke-ka-dah-nong on the sand,
Kwan-Run-ge-a-gosh on the tide:—
All creatures of the sea and land
Had yielded up their lives and died.
Of fish and reptile, bird and beast,
Or named or nameless, there and then
Was wide outspread the mighty feast
To feed a thousand hungry men.[53]

And Hayo-went-ha, rising there,
While brightened more his prophet-face,
With presence meet and reverent air,
He murmured simplest words of grace:
"Be unto the Great Spirit praise;
Lo! has he all our wants supplied;
If grateful hearts we bear always,—
So shall he evermore provide."

As mindful of all courtesy
And just respect to greatness due,
They of the parts that sweetest be
Of bird or beast or soup or stew,—
Though waiting sore with hunger pressed,
Their honored Chief to honor more,
Of all the parts they chose the best
And unto Hayo-went-ha bore.[54]

Then unto each, or chief or brave,
They brought, nor overlooked the least;
But as is fit, in order gave
To each a portion of the feast;
From roasting meat, or steaming pot,
With flesh of beast, or fowl or fish,
Or cake of O-nust, smoking hot,
Was oft refilled each empty dish.

As glad they would the hour delay,
In free, but not unseemly mirth,
With laugh and jest they whiled the day;
With friendly gossip, little worth,
Or story humorous did grace
The social hour,— or interspersed
The bold adventures of the chase;
Or deeds of other days rehearsed.

Nor ended was that goodly feast
Till last of all the hunter's game,
Of fish or reptile, bird or beast,
That hung around the hissing flame,
By hand with hunger's strength imbued,
Each bone from bone was torn and cleft;
Still ate and ate the multitude
Till all were filled, and naught was left.

Then forth the waiting pipe was brought:[55]
Unto the genial, calm content
The feast in every breast had wrought,
Its cheerful, soothing solace lent:
And touched as with enchanter's wand,
Their eyes beyond the wreathing mist
Far-looking, saw the Shining Land,—
The happy Spirit's Home and rest.

While as the long day slowly wore,
Apart the patriarchs sedate
Sat pensive, as they thoughtful bore
The burdens and the cares of state;
Or, so they thought to understand
The will — so little understood —
Of him, the mighty Wa-zha-wand, —
Still pondering on their people's good.

With bony quoits and plum-stone dice,
With each its number, place and rank
On which is carved a strange device, —
And these do count, and those are blank, —
The youthful warriors stand or sit
To take in turn their chance and throw;
Their faces weird and passion-lit,
In wizard game of Kun-ta-soo.

Now one elate, the bowl he shakes,
But turns unlucky number, — fails:
Another hand the venture takes, —
Perchance a lucky cast prevails;
He that has lost his shaft and bow
Will find a better fortune yet;
The next may be a happy throw —
He higher piles the stake and bet

The eagle-plumes that him arrayed,
His pipe that sweetest solace brought,
His costly belts of wampum-braid,
His pouches—all his hands have wrought,
He stakes upon uncertain throws,
The very moccasins he wears;
Or, as the game to frenzy grows,
The wolf-skin robe his bosom bears.

And some, the braves of lighter mood,
Whose joy in wildest echoes rang,
Along the sward or sat or stood,
Or ran or wrestled, whooped or sang;
While from each string, swift-speeding free,
Afar the willing arrows sped;
Or darkly clashed on barky tree
The flinty war-ax, winging dread.

Or wide anon the challenge ran
With many a noisy shout and call,
As chose the leaders each his man
For nobler game of Bat and Ball.
They here the nearest limit set,
And there they fix the farthest goal;
Still piling high the stake and bet
Of blankets, weapons, trinkets—all.[56]

Then midway there the ball they brought;
Tossed high in air; each waiting bat
Of hundred arms, and stalwart, sought
To catch it; while this way and that
It whirled and sped along the plain;—
Now this, and now that bound was nigh;
Then stayed;—in triumph back again
Was brought—with scuffle, shout and cry.

Still each with each did strive and cope—
Did race and scamper back and forth;
And each in turn elate with hope,
As east or west or south or north,
Swept by the adverse struggling throng,
It leaped and tossed and bounded on;
Until, by him most fleet and strong
Borne past the goal, the game was won.

* * * * *

While yet the feast betokened glad,
Where late the solemn council broke
Sat Hayo-went-ha, brooding sad,
And little ate and nothing spoke;
As bowed in fear or wrapped in awe,
Or felt the touch of sorrow dim;
Some waiting grief;—whate'er he saw,
The shadow darkened but to him.

Swift wore the day in joy and mirth:
On noblest deed of Union won,
Fair smiled the glory-mantled earth
Lit by the slow-descending sun.
And with the falling peace and rest
That lay on all the forest dim,
There kindled in each dusky breast
The thought of home that waited him.

Through gloomy miles of wooded wild
He sees the wigwam bright arrayed;
He sees, perchance, a wife and child
Sit trembling, of the foe afraid.
Or the young brave, late lightly gay,
Feels all his manly bosom yearn
Unto the maiden far away,
Now lonely waiting his return.

Again at Hayo-went-ha's call
His lowly People listening stood;
A thousand warriors, valiant all,
And now a noble Brotherhood;
Their footsteps lightly nearer drew—
In silence pressed the grassy sward;
To yield to him the reverence due,
The dear regard, love's best reward.

The westering sun that tranquil shone
Seemed burdened with a mournfulness:
Or something in his deeper tone.
Portent of what they might not guess.
They felt, when Hayo-went-ha spoke:—
Foreboding sad, though none might tell
What grief presaged, that darkly woke
The troubled dread of coming ill.

No brow but showed a trace of care,
No eye but free bedewed the plain
With tears, as Yo-yo-hon-to there
Ran—brimming with the summer rain.
And close and closer round him drew
The braves, the while their hearts were stirred
To listen to his last adieu.—
To Hayo-went-ha's parting word.

HAYO-WENT-HA'S

PARTING WORDS.

A new Evangel, greater than
The world has known, the Ages wait;
To every race, or soon or late,
Is born a Truth-inspired Man,
Some spirit wise to teach and lead:
And happy they who, high or low,
Their risen Prophet, seeing, know,—
His wiser precepts hark and heed.

XVII

HAYO-WENT-HA'S PARTING WORDS.

Brothers!—that before me stand—
Brothers! I do love you well;
Hearken! Brothers hearken!!—and
Do not grieve for that I tell;
Hayo-went-ha takes to-day
For the last your parting hand;
Hayo-went-ha goes away,—
Goes he to the Spirit Land.

He can see a glory shine
You may see not: and from thence
Comes the warning and the sign:
Hayo-went-ha hastens hence:
Leaves you at the close of day,
Leaves you at the set of sun;
Hayo-went-ha may not stay,
Hayo-went-ha's work is done.

O my People! unto you
All these years, and not in vain.
Has he been as father true,
Bearing all your grief and pain;
And each widely scattered band,
Dwelling in the farthest wood,
Has he taught to understand
Well his precepts wise and good

Taught you how to build with pride
Homes where comforts more abound;
Build your wigwams high and wide,
Softly matting all the ground;
Of the to-tem's use and place,
Of the Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear—
All the symbols of our race;
Of the Wampum, braided fair.

Toiling, he with patient hand
Widened all the grassy plain;
Cleared the rivers; by his hand
Were the frightful monsters slain;
Made he fairer hunting-grounds,
Where Skan-o-do, O-kwa-ho—
All the nobler game abounds;
Wrought for you the hunter-bow.

All the flinty missiles wrought;
Shaped the arrow, strung the bow
With such mighty blessings fraught;
All their use he showed to you.
All the good of labor born:
How to mellow well the fields;
How to tend the springing corn,
That such grateful bounty yields.

Now, where in remembered years
Only frightful monsters trod,
Shine great O-nust's luscious ears.
Scho-ta-sa-min's wondrous pod;
And the farthest valleys show
Fair in Autumn's windy days
Happy maids that come and go,—
Bearing home the ripened maize.

Often, where might knowledge show
Most her sacred mystery
Unto him that yearns to know,
In his Chee-maun journeyed he
Far away:—again returned:
Seeking—wisdom sought to find;
More life's deeper secrets learned,
Bringing thence a wiser mind.

Standing in the Council-place
Has he taught you to be strong
In the battle, in the chase;
Ever swift to right the wrong,
And no less the good requite—
To be wise as to be great;
Taught you that the arm of might
Must on Oway-neo wait.

Though the warrior's noble crown
Is the trophy and the scar,
And the glorious renown
Won in honorable war;—
Taught he of a fairer fame
With all manliness arrayed;
By the home-delighting flame,
By the wigwam's mat and shade.

And the fairest gift of all
That his willing hand has wrought,
That shall never darkly fall,
But with fullest blessing fraught
To all people everywhere,
Dwellers in the farthest wood,
Shall a proud example bear,—
Is this Bond of Brotherhood.

It through all the years shall live,
Till all nobleness shall fail;
And to each protection give,
That no foe may dare assail,
But in coward weakness flee—
Flee in trembling terror, when
On the war-path bold they see
Aquan-uschi-oni Men.[57]

Brothers! that before me stand,
You my People's bond and stay,
Chiefs and braves of many a band—
Builders of the coming day;
Brothers! as I still were near,
Be ye bold and brave and true;
Listen! while you still may hear,—
Hayo-went-ha's words are few.

Brothers! keep the Council-flame
Bright as is to-day its blaze;
And, that more your name and fame
Heighten in the after-days,
Know ye, who to lead and teach
Foremost in the Council stand,
He who wisest is in speech,
He is greatest in the land.

Brothers! when you come and go
On the war-path far and fleet,
When you bear the hunter-bow
On the hills with flying feet:
Where you roam or where you dwell,
Let your mighty deeds confess,—
As I still were with you—tell
ONGUE HONWE'S nobleness.

Far, by rivers flowing free,
Where the great hills stretch amain,
Near, beside the murmuring sea,
Over all the vale and plain.
Glad and joyous everywhere
Shall your wigwams brightly throng;
And the twilight falling fair
Light the dance and wake the song.

So shall all your after-fame
Find no less a shining place:
Bearing many a noble name
Worthy of our noble race;
And your deeds to latest days
Farthest wigwam-homes beside,
Shall your children's children praise,
Call your names with love and pride.

And the People far away
By the Gitche Gumee flood,
Pointing to your homes shall say:
"Lo! a mighty Brotherhood!
All are brothers — that is well."
And no fear may darken then
On your path, for all shall tell:
"ONGUE HONWE — Mighty Men!"

And the Nations that shall stand
In the future, bold and free,
Thickly thronging all the land
Like the pebbles by the sea, —
From example wise and good
Shall they to all greatness grow,
To a mighty Brotherhood;
And all men be bettered so."[5]

Brothers! wherefore do you weep?
Be ye bold and brave and true;
Brothers all — my precepts keep,
And my love I leave with you;
Oway-neo high above,
Shield you from each base intrigue;
Shield you with his mighty love,
Strengthen more this Bond and League.

Brothers! I do take to-day
For the last your parting hand;
Hayo-went-ha goes away—
Goes he to the Better Land:
He can see a glory shine
You may see not, and from thence
Comes the warning and the sign.—
Hayo-went-ha hastens hence.

Inigorio the Good—
May his Spirit with you dwell;
Brothers!—noble Brotherhood!
Ongue Honwe, fare you well.
Be you by my counsels led,
Keep my precepts every one;
Hayo-went-ha,—he has said,
Hayo-went-ha—he is done.

HAYO-WENT-HA'S

DEPARTURE.

If but a dream, a dream divine
The Poets sing, the Painters paint:
That brow of Prophet and of Saint
With glory's morning splendors shine.

Or is it thus the Gods decree?
And all the nobler Souls that go,
Bright haloed rise, transfigured so-
Clothed on with Immortality?

XVIII

HAYO-WENT-HA'S DEPARTURE.

Fair in the lessening light he stood.
He, Oway-neo's Prophet great;
Bright glowed his form as if imbued
With something of immortal state;
With rarer light his quickened soul
Had interfused his grosser clay,
As soon to win life's crown and goal—
To tread the waiting Halls of Day.

In royal mantle rich arrayed,
The royal mantle woven fair,
That showed in many a to-tem braid
Inwove, the Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear,—
In moccasins with the marvelous hem
And snowy leggins, beaded grand,
Inwrought with many a curious gem,—
He trod the Onondaga strand.

And forth again the wondrous barge
From out its secret place he brought;
Bore softly to the pebbly marge
The bark by mystic fingers wrought;
The Chee-maun blest of Manito,
Nor paddle had — nor need of one,
That swiftly on, and onward drew
When Hayo-went-ha willed it on.

It erst had many a storm withstood;
Him with his mighty bow it bore
To slay the monsters of the flood;
And, oft in halcyon days before,
To far Ti-o-to, bright impearled,
When love lit all the pebbly strand:
O Love! that beautifies the world —
Makes every land a summer-land!

Upon the flaming wings of morn,
With valor's quickened pulse imbued,
Oft to the Council-place had borne
Him, Hayo-went-ha, great and good;
And far on many a stranger sea:
Wherever most might knowledge loose
Her sacred seal, or glory be; —
But now should prove its nobler use.

Like pilgrim home-returning late
With eager feet, it lightly pressed
The springing tide, as loth to wait
To bear him to his peace and rest;
To gently bear him, fleet and free
To faintly glimmering isles away,
Beyond the land, beyond the sea,
Beyond the fading rim of Day.

Yet where the billow lightly laves
He lingers on the pebbly strand
Amid the well-belovèd braves,—
Delays—to take the parting hand;
As bearing in a father's heart
The love, the grief no tongue can tell;
As loth to stay, as loth to part,
Delays he still the last farewell.

Or saddened at their grief and tears,
The noble warriors, true and tried!
Or tender thought the spot endears
Where she, the little maiden died;
Or would his anguished spirit stay
Where weeping loved ones strive and mourn?
Or yearns his heart to her away—
Nyah-tah-wanta, reft and lorn?

She by Ti-o-to waiting him:
Lone watching till the day is done,
Lone watching through the midnight dim,
Lone watching till the morning sun;
She that his heart had sweetly blessed,
Made glad the wigwam's mat and shade.
Who now might soothe that aching breast,
Prone in its anguish disarrayed?

No more to run with eager feet
To greet him on the waiting shore!
What grief and pain with her to meet!
But not to meet, it deepens more.
And oh! to eyes that tearful be
How dim would show the Halls of Day;
How could he dwell content, and she,
Nyah-tah-wanta, far away?

Or fairer than the kindling dawn,
In widening sundown flaring red,
Sees he the little maiden gone—
Sees he the father's darling dead?
Dead?—Nay! but in that Better Land
And radiant in all virgin charms
Sees he the dear one waiting stand,
Or sweetly clasped in loving arms.

Sees he the forms of chieftains old,
Familiar shapes of noble braves,
The vanished shades of warriors bold;
Above the glory-bounded waves
They beckon him, they glow and shine,
The wider Hunting Grounds they roam;
And waits he but the day's decline
To waft him to that dearer home.

Low sinks the slow-descending sun:
Now on the sward his people throng,
To so—until the day is done—
A little space his stay prolong;
Around him press with eager feet,
Or hurry to the parting place;
To yield to him the reverence meet,—
To clasp him in a last embrace.

Fair on the tide the orb of Day
Hangs like a shield of warrior-fame;
Now level shoots his fiery ray
Like warrior-arrow, tipped with flame,
A glory on the wave and wood;
Far-brightening all the sea and wold,
Now crimson in the burnished flood
He dips his shining disk of gold.

Still on the softly-murmuring marge
His latest, lingering footsteps show,
Where lightly waits the mystic barge
For Hayo-went-ha, soon to go;
All glory-mantled stands the Chief,
As touched with an immortal spell;
In pity for his People's grief,
Delays he still the last farewell.

Lo! now he takes the parting hand;
Lo! now is said the parting word;
Now parts the Chee-maun from the strand—
Goes speeding like the wing of bird
Far on the billows looming large;
The warriors brave, in sorrow new,
Gaze tearful on that fleeting barge;
He beckons back a last adieu.

Now faintly from the fading shore
Sad hears he on the widening sea:
"O Knee-ha! Knee-ha!—nevermore!
O Father! Father!—woe is me!!"
Still fainter to his ear arise
His people's anguished cry and moan
For Hayo-went-ha great and wise—
For noble Hayo-went-ha gone.

A song, like the Immortal's song,
Now thrills each lowly, aching breast,
Far-wakes the tranquil shores along,
Lulls the low-lapsing waves to rest;
Charms all the rapt, enchanted strand,
Soft trembles on the listening sea,
As dwellers in the Shining Land
There woke their joyous minstrelsy.

Now more the shadows deepen down:
On all that sorrow deepens more,
That sweetest music may not drown;
More faint along the dusky shore,
The voices from the bright Beyond
In wonder-waking song are heard,—
More tender than love's yearnings fond,
And sweeter than the song of bird.

Thence had the Shining Spirits come,
Low-wandering from the shores of Dawn,
To bear great Hayo-went-ha home,
From toil and grief of earth withdrawn;
On airy pinions bear him hence—
Above life's weaker part upborne;
To taste the bliss and recompense
Of Virtue on the Hills of Morn.

Still far the sunset's fiery glow
Trails reddening o'er the crystal wells;
The cloven waves like rubies show—
A warmer wish the bark impels;
Still on, and on;—now high in air;
Still up, and on—more darkly dim;
Still up, away;—now seeming fair
On pearly clouds to dance and swim.

More faint and far—more fleet and free,
To where the shadows come and go;
Beyond the land—beyond the sea—
Beyond the daylight's fading glow;
To Oway-neo's Home; away
Beyond where sunset-glory smiles;
Beyond the gateways of the Day,—
To Inigorio's Happy Isles.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Who holds this but a doubtful creed:
All sorrow hath its use and need;
The keenest anguish, most intense
That ever suffering bosom bore,
Its after-joy may heighten more;
No pain but hath its recompense.

And you, O tender Soul! if such
There be, who never felt the touch
Of sore affliction's sting and smart,
Had never sorrow to assuage;
Turn back,—nor read this tearful page—
This story of a broken heart.

XIX

THE BROKEN HEART.

The lofty oak that proudly stands
To drink the summer's sun and rain,
The glory of the forest-lands,
A beauty on the verdured plain,—
Though it the tempest spares alone,
Though cloven through its robe of green,
Bereft of branches, wildly strown,
Will weave anew its leafy screen.

Yet grows no tree in all the wood,
In all the grove-emmantled vale,
That blooms to charm the solitude
And glad the morning's breath inhale,—
But, if rude hand with hapless art
Deep ring the barky stem around
Whence flows the sap to feed the heart,
Will, withered, topple to the ground.

So, when the floods of anguish break
Fierce on the soul in storm and gloom,
Though leaving but a faded wreck
Of fond affection's leafy bloom,
Unsevered from love's kindly root,
When passed the tempest-tiding grief,
The riven heart may newly shoot,—
The blighted life renew its leaf.

But quench in over-anguished breast
The fire that lights its secret shrine;
Take from it every good possessed,
Let Hope her failing lamp resign;
Make every pulse a throb of care,
A deathless pang of memory;
Make longing vain, and love despair,
And life itself will cease to be.

And long, O loyal heart and true!
Amid the forest solitude,
Beside Ti-o-to's glimmering blue
Nyah-tah-wanta lonely stood;
The long, long day, with longing vain,
Gazed—till her eyes with tears were dim;
Heard in the billows' sad refrain
Alone love's mournful requiem.

Though eager looked her tearful eyes
To see some home-returning trace,
Oh, never on her sight would rise
That Chee-maun from the Council-place!
Nor form of him, beloved, for whom
She patient watched each lonely day;
Whose smile alone could light the gloom,
Could kindle new life's failing ray.

Still up and down her footsteps pressed,
Unmarked the shadows falling dim;
She, wearied, felt no weariness,
But only care for her and him;
For her, the little maiden sweet,
Joy of the life from whence it grew;
For him so wise and good and great,
Who might the wigwam's joy renew.

The dews of midnight cold and wet
Fell on her woman's brow of care,
Till silvered shone each tress of jet;
Though late with aching brow and bare
She waited on the troubled shore,
She heeded not the falling chill;
But felt her sorrow deepen more,
But felt the fear foreboding ill;—

Still straining wide her tearful sight
Along the billows far away;
Sad watching through the lonely night,
Sad watching through the lonely day
Till dark the shadows fell again,
Nor recked of hunger's gnaw and smart;
But felt love's keener fast and pain,—
The fiercer hunger of her heart.

If fain at whiles her mat to press,
She sought the wigwam waiting lone,
No sleep such anguished eyes would bless—
Would charm the lids so tearful grown:
For haunting dark her tender breast
Would come the thought of pain and dread:
No more that widowed couch of rest
Might pillow sweet each dearer head.

Or, when through many a cloudy cleft
Wo-ne-da's softened splendors smiled,
She, rising thence, and more bereft,
Forth by love's waning hope beguiled,
Afar with hapless feet would stray,
With mournful step, more feeble grown;
To watch the orient's kindling ray
And hark Ti-o-to's rippled moan.

To gaze along the foaming deep
She early came, she lingered late,
To weep and watch, to watch and weep,—
A stricken soul and desolate.
And many a night, and many a day
Her failing footsteps went and came
Along the darkened home-led way,—
Hope lighting faint life's flickering flame.

Still o'er the sward she came and went,
Still seeming more a passing shade—
Some brightness for a moment lent;
Till prone beside the withered glade
The paling Summer weeping sat,
To miss the dear, familiar tread;
While fevered on her lowly mat
Low-moaning lay that gentle head.

Now through her half-forgotten care
A gladness murmured in her breast,
As Hayo-went-ha, he was there,
Again the maiden form she pressed;
Or other dear ones seemed to rise,—
Seen through death's gathering mist and haze;
The loving sire, the deeper eyes
That brightened on her infant days.

And low she called each cherished name,
As though she saw them bending there;
Yet o'er the sward no footstep came—
None saw her passing grief and care;
But Midnight, listening on the plain,
Heard from the wigwam, glooming nigh,
A shriek—and all was still again—
As if a Spirit shuddered by.

Along the sea the lonely Mahng
His troubled song more lonesome woke:
The great Da-hin-da sober sang,
As grief had touched his hoarser croak;
The Ko-ko-ko-ho's mournful cry,
The Wa-won-ais-se's sorrow-plaint,
O-me-me's tender moan and sigh,—
Came from the wood more sadly faint.

Sad broke the Morning, dim and pale,
Ti-o-to murmured on the reef;
The Sun, behind his cloudy veil,
Looked—tearful with a later grief;
The Home-wind wailed along the shore,
The forest felt a shivering dread;
Nyah-tah-wanta came no more—
Nyah-tah-wanta, she was dead!

No loving heart or eye o'erbent
That darkened couch — her shroud and tomb,
Whose life with anguish overspent
Went out amid night's lonely gloom;
With none to watch beside the dead,
To close the dear lids, staring vain;
To make for her a lowly bed —
A grassy grave along the plain.

Yet He, whose love is over all,
Whose helping hand is ever nigh,
Who hears the broodling sparrows call,
Nor lets their little want go by,—
To beast and bird and reptile lent
Its meaner life, and not in vain,
Low by that couch in pity bent,
To soothe its frenzied pulse of pain.

And shades that roam the starry shore
Came o'er the midnight's track of gloom,
Watched by that wigwam's lowly door
To bear a suffering spirit home.
On airy pinions far and fleet
Above life's weaker part upborn;
To taste the bliss, the rapture meet
Of Virtue on the Hills of Morn.

No more to wait with tearful eyes
Beside Ti-o-to's darkened strand,
But joyous as the morning-rise
Far-journeying to the Better Land;
To Oway-neo's Home, away
Beyond where sunset-glory smiles;
Beyond the gateways of the day,—
To Inigorio's Happy Isles.

THE BETTER LAND.

The child upon its mother's breast,
From petty pain and sorrow free,
Finds all it dreams of peace and rest,
Nor knows if other Heaven may be.
So every Soul, or soon or late,
Led by the Father's loving hand,
And each as is its need and state,
Will find at length that Better Land.

XX

THE BETTER LAND.

O World of Time! wert thou the whole,
Whose outward aspect darkly shows,
Nor lived beyond the chastened Soul,
Nor more divinely fair arose,
And more in joy and beauty grown
In years that are Eternity,—
Did life no Life Immortal own,
Were it not better not to be?

No path but is by sorrow crossed,
No spot but is bedewed with tears;
No loving heart but it hath lost
Some treasure, loss still more endears.
To all, the troubled days that pass
Bring endless labor, little gain;
Or brief delights that leave, alas!
But keener sense of after-pain.

Oh! to behold with clearer sight
The good that Providence designs;
Unseen, or only in the light
That far along the ages shines:
To know that nothing is of chance,
All evil for a purpose meant;
That discipline of circumstance
Is evermore beneficent.

Oh! for the faith to realize—
The truth-illumined mind to know
That He, the only Good and Wise,
But portions each or weal or woe,
As joy or grief may nurture more
The Flower that springs from Virtue's root,
That blooms on Love's immortal shore,
And happiness its ripened fruit.

He, Oway-neo's Prophet true,
That hunter-bow and shaft had wrought;
Who forth the Dusky Nations drew,
Them all the good of labor taught;
Who strengthened all the weaker hands,
Who greatest in the Council stood,
Who gathered all the scattered bands
Into a noble Brotherhood:—

Who toiled and suffered here below
Through all the years — and not in vain ;
Whose heart had borne a mighty woe,
Felt all the pangs of mortal pain ;
The portion that has ever been
Of kingly souls whose feet have pressed
The heights of woe, to enter in
The bright Immortals' home and rest ;—

Unto his kindred, tribe and race,
To shores and wigwams looming large
Returning, to his home and place,—
Drew on the shore that mystic barge
By snowy tents that shimmering stand
On hills fair in the setting sun ;
Sojourned he in that Better Land,
His sorrows passed, his labors done.

And oft when sundown falling red,
With ruby lights the Hesper-rim,
While musing on the loved and dead,
While brooding sad the thought of him
The noblest of his noble Race,
Above the purple clouds of even
Methinks I see his Prophet-face
Look smiling from that peaceful heaven.

Nor his alone: — where brightly laves
The sea of gold that fairer shore,
I see the well-remembered braves,
The mighty of the days before;
There in the Spirit's Shining Home
They dwell, — all the departed great;
The wider Hunting Grounds they roam,
More glorious in their after-state.

There do I see, with gleaming crest,
In all the lofty pride he bore,
Great Ot-o-tar-ho, he whose breast
Of living snakes the cordon wore;
Whose bowls and spoons from which he fed —
His dishes all — were carved and wrought
Out of the skulls of warriors dead,
The trophies from the battle brought.[59]

There all the Ot-o-tar-ho line,
Seen on Tradition's fading page;
Names that, however dim they shine,
Make regal that heroic age,
When boldest heart and strongest hand
Alone might cope with monsters dread;
With Serpent fierce that roamed the land,
With Giant huge, or Flying Head.

There all the mighty chieftains be
Of later days that dark unrolled;
Whereof with tongue of Prophecy
The noble Hayo-went-ha told;
When over all the land should tread—
Should throng a People great and free;
Thick as the leaves by Autumn shed,
Or as the pebbles by the sea.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, he is there:
The warrior chieftain noble-born;
Aye! noble, if they noble be
Who hold ignobleness in scorn;
Who stood in Council great, as they
That gifted are to lead and teach:
A fiery Soul that most could sway
All passions with the might of speech.[60]

Who weakly owned no brother's God,[61]
Nor less adjudged for wisdom thence:
Who firm the path of duty trod,
And wanting not in reverence:
Unbowed in fear-inspiring awe,
Confessed no less the human need
Of love—the first, the primal law:
More sacred than the doubtful creed.

And in the ages dawning bright
Shall truth-illumined Sages rise,
Who, walking in the widening light
With wiser mind and clearer eyes.
With baser bigot-sight unvexed,
Shall, conning deep each fading scroll,
Find many a love-inspiring text,—
The offspring of thy nobler soul.

There He — nor bearing crimson stain —
Who bade the war-ax dread atone
For all his kindred wanton slain;
His Nation's woes wept in his own.
I see that form pathetic stand:
I hear: — "Of all my kindred, none
Are left alive in all the land!
For Logan who will mourn? — not one."

There He, Oneida's noblest son,
That bold amid War's wild alarms
The warrior-hero's chaplet won,
When rose the Western World in arms;
On battle-field, in Council-hall,
Alike created to command:[62]
Who stood amid the sachems all,
The wisest chieftain in the land.

Who bowed in years, in spirit brave,
"I am an aged hemlock," said:
"Winds of a hundred winters have
Fierce whistled through my branches dead."
And pilgrims still their footsteps stay—
Bend o'er his dust with tearful eyes;
"He was the White Man's friend," they say,
Or "Here the good Sken-an-do lies."

Rise other forms more comely dight:
More fair than in the olden days
They that I see—oh, dear delight!
In beauty that is passing praise,
In wifely charm or maiden grace,
In snowy kirtle rich arrayed,
They light the Yong-we's home and place,
Make glad the wigwam's mat and shade.

And oft along the glimmering marge
Of wider shores, that faint and glow,
I see again that mystic barge—
That mystic Chee-maun come and go:
More beauteous on the flowing tide,
More fleet is seen to glide and run,
Dance on the billows foaming wide,
No paddle has—no need of one.

It Hayo-went-ha lightly bears,
While brightens more his Prophet-face.
As it the glow effulgent wears
Of Oway-neo's Shining Place.
In beauty made more beautiful
I see, by sorrow sanctified,
In wifely charms surpassing all—
Nyah-tah-wanta by his side.

And there is she,—the little maid,
The darling he had mourned as dead,
In rarer maiden grace arrayed;
More glad her song, more light her tread;
In mind, as stature, heightened more,
With love the mother's love requites;
More deeply learned in forest-lore,
She more the father's heart delights.

And there they dwell—O joy complete!
Land where no earthly shadows gloam;
There taste again the rapture sweet—
Know all the sacred joys of Home.
Oh! Home is where—or near or far—
Our darlings' footsteps light the sod;
Wherever they, the loved ones, are
In the wide Universe of God.

With woods where endless Summer smiles,
That, robed in leafy fragrance stand
Year unto year; unmeasured miles
Of verdured plains, of billowy strand,
Of meadows wide in mantle green;
Hills that on hills serenely shine,
With flowery vales far-stretched between,
That snowy tents make more divine,—

Still looms and fades the Shining Land:
The mighty chiefs of noble fame
There, as of old, in Council stand;
There, kindling with the kindling flame,
They wake again the lofty speech:
But not to fire for mortal strife
The warrior's heart;—they, wiser, teach
Of Him who Master is of Life.

And they that hearken do I see:
With faces like the morning lit,
Of braves a goodly company,
Along the sward they stand or sit;
And there, more lovely, wife or maid,
In kirtle new, they sit or stand,
In mantle wove of wampum-braid,
And moccasins quilled and beaded grand.

Bright on the wigwams, painted fair
I see each to-tem form again,
Of Beaver, Tortoise, Wolf, and Bear,
Of Falcon, Plover, Deer and Crane;
With picture-writing wondrous shown:
All birds and beasts—all symbols whence
The greatly wise may draw alone
The mystery of the hidden sense.

Still on the endless Seasons roll:
All manly sports their joys enhance;
Elate they play at Bat and Ball,
Or shake the Bowl, in game of chance,
Or with the hunter's shaft and bow
Still, as of old, in passion new,
They track afar the flying Roe
To hills beyond the farthest blue.

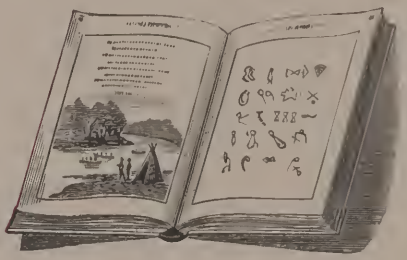
There through the forest's leafy sheen
Still gleams each royal antlered head,
And all the plain's unbroken green
Far trembles to each tameless tread:
There every bird beloved of old,
That clove the air or swam the sea,
With gayer plume, with wing more bold,
Still climbs an ampler ether free.

The land and home of worthy braves,
By smiling meads and crystal lakes
Whose shores no angry billow laves,
Where War's wild turmoil never wakes;
By tranquil streams that lightly sing,
The green Savannas murmuring through;
Where on the scarcely ruffled spring
Still noiseless speeds the light canoe.

Though grief still sways with tyrant might,
Still binds the waiting years with pain,
Some solace for each lost delight
To see the loved ones smile again;
To know they dwell immortal there,
Where bright the sunset glory smiles;—
Their wigwams built eternal are
In Inigorio's Happy Isles.

And musing on the glory past,
The glory that the Ages wait,
This heart, despite its sorrow vast,
Again is reconciled with Fate;
Nor other thought such comfort brings
As—Ye that left us are not lost;
But freely quaff life's deeper springs
Mid Oway-neo's Shining Host.

O Love! that stays, though suns do go,
Abides — though all things flee amain,
To more and more dost wax and grow,
Thou canst the Fore-World build again;
Though sorrow-dim, tear-wet anew,
Hope-brightened shines the fading page
That here I close. Once more adieu —
A last adieu, thou Primal Age.



MISCELLANEOUS.

All Truth through martyrdom is born,—
That doth the after-ages bless.
The Virtue that shall life adorn,
The Soul exalt in nobleness,
Is to the passing thought and time
A sin, when by their standard tried;
If but for protest to the crime
By hoary Custom sanctified.

WINONA.

Afar, where Pepin's waters flow
By many a beetling turret steep,
With glimmering turrets far below
Reflected in the glimmering deep,
The rocky heights sad memories stir
Of one with faithful heart and true,
The maiden, dear Winona, her
The stranger Chieftain came to woo.

A warrior bold, of presence proud,
The Chief of all the Northern Wood;
To him the braves in reverence bowed
Or reverent in his presence stood;
His breast of many a battle showed,—
War waged with many a swarthy band;
And presents rare he free bestowed
In barter for the maiden hand.

The dusky warriors, brave and strong,
Around the camp-fire, blazing bright,
With feast and pipe and dance and song
Made revel with a wild delight;
While he, the stranger Chieftain bold,
Profuse his costly gifts displayed:
Of many a deed of valor told—
So he perchance might win the maid.

What fairer boon of Manito
Might crown the maiden's heart of pride,
Than from her wigwam home to go
A mighty chieftain's queen and bride?
In reedy mantle, torn and mean,
No more in lowly want to pine,
But of a royal lodge the queen,—
In bear-skin kirtle, beaded fine.

But not for him of fame and might
She braided fair each raven tress;
Oh, not for him those eyes of night
Revealed their starry tenderness!
Oh, not for him the maiden heart
Timed the warm pulse of maidenhood
Within a breast unsoiled of art,
Far-nurtured in the wild and wood.

In troubled thought she might not tell,
Low on her simple couch outspread,
Winona, where the shadows fell,
Sat burdened with a nameless dread.
In fear that darker purpose takes
When hope is dead, she turned on him
Such tearful glance as only wakes
In eyes that sorrows overbrim.

Scarce conscious of the passing scene
She took in all nor lot nor part;
Till, with familiar voice and mien,
That pierced with woe the maiden heart,
Bespoke her sire:—"Ho, daughter mine!
Make haste to be, like maiden good,
The bride of him of noble line,
And worthy of our warrior blood!"

Quick rising thence the stricken maid
Low bent the haughty chief beside;
Her heaving breast its strife betrayed
With maiden grief and maiden pride:
"No, father, no!—pray do not let!—
My heart is not for him you say:
Too few my maiden summers yet,—
I cannot be a bride to-day!

"Though bravest of the braves is he,
And I of all the maidens least,
 His bride and wife I can not be,
So do not bid the marriage feast.
 I low will rest beside the dead,
Or lonely wander, old and gray;
 But never will Winona wed
Till love shall light her wedding-day."

* * * * * *

 Now flickers dim the camp-fire light;
The tawny braves that hideous made
 With whoop and dance the falling night,
Lie slumbering in the dusky shade.
 A deeper gloom the midnight wears;—
Till silence in that fading glow
 Hangs like some sable wing that bears
The presage of on-coming woe.

 From out the forest dim and faint,
From off the waters glooming nigh,
 Comes up the Wa-won-ais-se's plaint,
The Wa-be-wa-wa's clang and cry;
 And many a nightbird lonely calls,
While sweeter than the morning-rise
 The dew of sleep that softly falls—
But not on anguish-burdened eyes.

Slow through the purple gates of even
The hours to mournful measures move;
As if the radiant hosts of heaven
Looked down with pitying eyes of love;
As conscious of thy breaking heart,
Winona, that so lone and late
And wildly weeping sitst apart,
Sad brooding on the morrow's fate.

O tender Soul! O heart of grief
That trembles like the startled fawn,
Or flutters like the aspen leaf
Touched by the ruder breath of dawn!
What means thy look so all forlorn,
Thy pallid cheek and tearful eye?—
Alas! that thou must wed at morn,
Or morn will bring thy hour to die!

Where Ko-ko-ko-ho to the night
The hour of midnight sober calls,
Where far along the rocky height
The silver starlight softly falls,—
Lo! sorrowing maiden form appears;
And lone the rocky steeps along
Now silent pour her anguished tears—
Now troubled wakes her saddened song.

"Hush thy moaning, Es-con-aw-baw,—
Hear my cry;
Hark the plaint of lorn Win-o-na,—
She must die!
Gitche Manito, pity me! pity me.—
Linger nigh;
Bear the shade of lost Winona
To the sky!

"Wa-bun An-nung, Wa-bun An-nung,
Hasten, come!
Dwelling where the shining Spirits
Happy roam;—
Bring, oh! bring thy charmèd Chee-maun
O'er the foam;
Bear Winona's bruised and bleeding
Spirit home.

"Se-bow-ish-a, Se-bow-ish-a,
Sobbing by;
Hoarse Da-hin-da, cease thy croaking—
Doleful cry;
Wa-won-ais-se, Wa-won-ais-se.
Plainting nigh,
Hearken to Winona's moaning,—
She must die!

"Oft when Segwun fair shall brighten
All the plain,
By the wigwam shall the Shaw-shaw
Build again;
Dear O-me-me sing her lonesome
Sad refrain;—
But her song will lost Winona
Call in vain.

"Oft shall Minne-wa-wa linger
In the trees;
Oft shall Show-on-dai-se whisper
To the breeze;
Loud the Wa-wa clang his honking
On the seas;—
But no more shall wake Winona's
Song with these.

"Soan-ge-ta-ha, my beloved!
Evermore
On the beautiful Hereafter's
Fairer shore,
Soan-ge-ta-ha's dear Winona,
Gone before,
Still will be his Ne-ne-moosh-a,—
Weep no more!

"O Gush-ke-wau! O the darkness!
Part the gloom!
Unk-ta-he, low make Winona's
Billowy tomb!
Ne-ba-naw-baigs take Winona's
Spirit home!
Gitche Manito, pity me! pity me!
Lo! I come!"

A shriek!—was that the scream of bird?
Was it Key-oshk's—the wing I saw?
The Ne-ba-naw-baigs, waking heard
The cry, and answered,—"Win-o-na!"
A shriek that startled all the plain,
And mournful as a dying swan;
A shriek—a plash;—and Night again
Sat weeping o'er a glory gone.

And still along the rocky walls,
The listening night-wind hushed in awe,
The Ko-ko-ko-ho nightly calls:
"Lost Win-o-na! lost Win-o-na!"
And far the answering caves along,
The Loon from many a lone bayou,
Shrieks sorrowing in her midnight song:
"Win-o-na—O! Win-o-na—O!!"

How beauteous shone thy maiden fame,
How beauteous where thy footsteps stood,
When, sorrowing in thy maiden blame,
Thou trembledst o'er the threatening flood!
What yearnings vain thy heart possessed
When love's sweet morning-dream decayed;
No darlings for the woman's breast,
No lovelight for the lonely maid!

And oh, what anguish over all—
What grief the aching breast enfolds,
When one so loved and beautiful
Goes sorrowing to the Land of Souls!
But yet methinks I hear the cry
From many and many a breaking heart:
"Alas! alas!—oh, would that I
Had chose the Indian Maiden's part!"

THE GREAT SNAKE

—OF—

CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

A partial sight, a narrow view
Has he, — an eye to error prone,
Who only sees the story true
That tells of outward truth alone.
The fabled fireside stories old,
The lore in childhood's wonder shrined,
Do nobler, deeper lessons hold
Of Wisdom for the wiser mind.

I

ORIGIN OF THE SENECA NATION.

Fair in a goodly land, beside
The springs of Canandaigua, still
Yo-non-to looms along the tide,
The lofty Nun-dow-aga Hill;
That wide renowned in days of yore,
Still frequent breath of wonder stirs;
Whose earthy, fecund bosom bore
A nation's great progenitors.

What time from out his shining home
The mighty Oway-neo came,
He to the rocky summit clomb,
And all the air was wrapped in flame;
Bright seeming girt with fiery zone,
Though robed in mortal garb; nor less
His lofty brow with luster shone
Of love's diviner tenderness.

While she, the wood-emmantled Hill,
Blushed red through all her summer face,
As, chained in passion's thrall and thrill,
She yielded to his rapt embrace;
O'er all the plain a cloudy fold
A glory made as if to hide
With flaming sunset's fire and gold
The bliss of more than mortal bride.

All unaware of maiden blame,
What time the Seasons onward drew,
Her life of other life became
A part;—or so in seeming grew;
A marvel more, so new to her
The miracle of life to prove;
To feel the quickening pulse and stir
That wakes the fond maternal love.

Still more a wonder day by day,
Until—the days to fullness grown—
The quarried steep in travail lay,
In mighty child-birth wail and moan.
By earthquake-pain parturient urged,
The parted cliff made willing way;
And lo! a people thence emerged—
The great and noble Seneca.

And he, whose place is high above,
Them lent his fostering love and care;
Nor knew they idle wish to rove
From land so passing good and fair;
And where the plain in beauty showed,
Sloped greening to the rippled wave,
Content the infant tribe abode,
Each tawny maid and dusky brave.

The manly arms so brown and bare
From far the poles of cedar brought;
And many a flaggy mat and fair
The damsels' lighter fingers wrought;
Still to the brake and to the wood
The willing footsteps came and went,
Till new, in home-like comfort, stood
The lowly Indian's barky tent.

And in the years that onward drew
He marked the Seasons come and go;
Taught of each varied need, he knew
To shape the arrow, string the bow,
Swift-speed the pointed shaft, to slay
Skan-o-do, to unerring pierce
The Mosa on the hills away,
The shaggy Yek-wai, prowling fierce.

While she who bore life's equal part,
Who in the wigwam toiling sat,
With hand more deft in household art,
Wove fair the waiting couch and mat;
With charms than maiden charms more rare,
Full-ripened unto matron grace,
With gentle, frugal house-wife care
Made bright the Yong-we's home and place.

And waxing strong, and more and more,
The hunters roamed the farthest wood;
While thick along the grassy shore
The new built wigwams smiling stood;
Where oft at twilight's dewy fall,
Afar the tranquil seas along
Woke childhood's gleesome shout and call,
Or dusky forest-maiden's song.

With skillful bow, with valiant arm,
The bravest of the Hunter Race,
They went and came, secure from harm,
With eager feet pursued the chase;
No fear of foe their bosoms felt,
No dread forebode of coming ill;
For blest with peace and plenty dwelt
Content—The People of the Hill.

II

THE GREAT SNAKE.

How oft, alas! is sorrow wrought
When but of joy we careless dream;
How oft the fairest path is fraught
With danger that we little deem.

How oft the flower we nurture best
But hides the wasp with fatal sting;
Or fondling cherished in the breast,
But proves at last a cursed thing.

What time, when passed the winter glooms,
The Wild-goose clanged his song amain,
What time the tender-burgeoned blooms
Of spring-time brightened all the plain;—

When bearing proud their lesser bow
Beyond the Nun-dow-aga Hill,
With eager feet that come and go,
Elate their little game to kill,—

The youthful mimic hunters caught
The nursling of a viper brood;
And home the tiny serpent brought—
A reptile beautiful and good.

The pretty snake, though unrestrained,
No more unto the wild it drew;
But in the wigwam glad remained,
And, fondly cherished, greatly grew—.

Beloved of all, the old and young,
The little hands the creature fed,
To see it draw its forked tongue
And high erect its shining head.

Delighted still to see it grow
Its ever-growing want supplied,
Until in vain their shaft and bow
The weaker hands industrious plied.

Then portion of their larger game
It day by day the hunters gave;
Till o'er the wild it went and came,
Or fearless tracked the foaming wave.

Now roaming wide; — more fleet and free;
Nor longer beautiful and good;
But growing, grew accursed, to be
A dragon of the field and flood.

So great and strong, it fleetly sped
Like wingèd thing from shore to shore;
Becoming more a beast of dread —
A prowling monster, thriving more.

And still the scaly reptile grew,
Till it to see foreboded ill;
Till such enormous length it drew,
It quite encircled all the hill.

And still it grew, and grew, till vain
It battened for its daily food
On Mosa from the farthest plain,
Skan-o-do from the farthest wood.

And grew, and grew, and grew, until
His food, but not his hunger failed;
As reaching far from hill to hill,
He splashed the rivers with his tail.

Or hissing like a roaring blast,
With eyes like demon, fierce and red,
Swift as the wind went writhing past,
The hapless Indian's scourge and dread.

When in the vale he horrid sang
The frightened beasts with howlings fled;
The woods, the while his rattles rang,
Stood shivering with a scaly dread.

When leaping from the rocky steeps
He floundered in the frightened waves,
The fishes in the startled deeps
Went shuddering to the rocky caves.

With jaws distent and high in air,
With fiery tongue, that went and came,
A roaming horror everywhere—
Destroyer of the Indian's game.

III

THE BATTLE.

Alarmed, the People of the Hill
Gazed on that dragon form with dread;
And questioned now how they might kill
The ugly beast their hand had fed.

And still the danger heightened more;
More near the monstrous thing they saw;
More frightful woke his hiss and roar,
More wicked clashed his hungry jaw.

And still more wroth the reptile grew,
Still more the growing fear appalled;
Till, dark in doubt what they might do,
The warrior-braves a Council called.

Some weakly urged to spare the beast,
It, angered more, might them consume;
And oh, what shade might peaceful rest,
If buried in such awful tomb!

Replied the braves: "If all unslain,
Yet death were certain all the same;
For from the wood and from the plain
Were soon devoured the hunter's game.

"And if with famine fierce subdued,
More sore were their destruction then;
And coward life is never good,
But always good to die like men."

The while the bolder chieftains spoke,
With valor shone each kindling eye:
Till forth the cry of vengeance broke:
"The Snake must die! the Snake must die!!"

The warriors' trusty weapons laid
In secret place, from thence were drawn;
And spear and shaft were sharper made
For fiercest conflict at the dawn.

While in the wigwams, glooming nigh,
Throbbed many a woman's troubled breast:
That watched the dawn with tearful eye—
More close her little ones she pressed.

Dim rose the Hill, in darkness walled,
The pines their midnight shadows cast;
But dreader sight their hearts appalled
When tardy morning broke at last.

And oh! how fear to terror grew
As farthest wigwam closing round,
The huge and wide-mouthed reptile drew
His scaly length along the ground.

Encircling all the town—his size
Enormous—barring all the way,
With clanging jaws and glaring eyes,
The frightful reptile horrid lay.

Then bravely forth, with shaft and bow,
The warriors swift to battle flew;
With vigorous arm, expert to throw
The pointed missile, strong and true.

And woman there forgot her fear,
And dauntless bore, like noble brave,
The warrior-bow and shaft and spear,
And many a thrust the monster gave.

If valor fired each manly arm,
Love more her hand its vigor lent,
To shield her little ones from harm—
Her darlings in the waiting tent.

But for each murderous missile thrown
The more the brute their wrath defied;
Till broke their spears, their arrows gone,
And none had pierced his scaly hide.

Till sore in every purpose foiled,
They, weak and wounded, sick and spent,
Loth from the fearful strife recoiled—
Sought refuge in the inner tent.

And resting there their weary feet,
Their grief they bore with patient heart:
Ate sparing of their little meat,
Until the monster might depart.

And so they tarried many a day,
Till on them frowned a darker fate;
For still the awful reptile lay,
His jaws wide-yawning at the gate.

And forth again the warriors bore
Their shivered spears, with brave intent,
To fight the fearful battle o'er.
For hunger fierce new courage lent.

But all in vain each valiant hand
Assailed the brute with thrust and throw;
And never braver warrior-band
Did battle give more desperate foe.

Some frantic made with fear and pain,
Rushed mad to pile the savage feast;
Though swift devoured, such pittance vain
But hungered more the insatiate beast.

And some in terror thought to flee
The dragon's flinty side to climb;
But swaying like an angry sea,
He crushed them in the ooze and slime.

Still shrieking ran the maniac din,
Still clashed his frightful jaw amain,
Till last of all those noble men
Had the devouring monster slain.

IV

THE VICTORY.

How frequent, in the battle tried,
Alone the weaker hands prevail;
While freely flows the crimson tide
From bosoms clad in iron mail.

Still rests with Oway-neo great
The victory in the fiercest strife;
They triumph at the last who wait
On Him who Master is of Life.

Low-fallen lay each noble brave,
The wigwams empty pressed the plain;
Save one alone that shelter gave
To Yong-we with her children twain:

Who, spared her kinsmens' sadder fate
Still lingered in that frightful place;
Lone with her little ones she sat:—
Sad remnant of a noble Race.

And forth at dusk she softly crept
To bear them to the sheltering wood;
While prone the snaky monster slept,
Made drunken with his feast of blood.

As fleet as flees the startled hare,
She to the leafy covert fled;
Her weary feet she rested there,
Bewailing still her kindred dead.

Still for her grief no comfort knew,
No sleep her eyes so tearful saw,
Till midnight bright with vision grew,
And all the land was hushed in awe.

Lo! on the dark, with glowing haft,
An arrow shone: with wondrous skill
Thence was she taught to shape the shaft
Wherewith that monster she might kill.

Straightway with patient hand she wrought
The weapon;—at the peep of day
She forth that venomed reptile sought,
Alone the wanton brute to slay.

Strong in her heaven-instructed art,
She near approached the dreadful beast;
Deep pierced the sleeping monster's heart,
Gorged frightful with his horrid feast.

Mad writhing in his mortal pain,
With many a dying roar and wail,
That dragon awful lashed the plain
And farthest hill-side with his tail.

More fierce than tempest-tiding storm,
The lofty pine, the mighty oak,
That demon-like contracted form
Like fragile reeds to splinters broke.

The beasts that, howling, fled the plain
Felt all the earth with terror quake
As, rolling down the slope amain,
He plunged into the foaming lake.

He there his human victims vain
Disgorged along the crimson shore;
Then with one throe of dying pain
Sank slowly.—and was seen no more.

And she whose hand the arrow sped,—
If noble deeds may gladness win—
Rejoiced to see the monster dead,
Destroyer of her tribe and kin.

Thence from the Canandaigua shore,
Beyond the sorrow-darkened land,
Afar with hurrying feet, she bore
Her children with a loving hand.

Built them a wigwam by the mere,
By Canadesoga's tranquil wave;
With them abode unvexed of fear,
And reared them to be wise and brave.

And from them sprang in after days,
And worthy of their race and name,
The brave and noble Senecas, —
The mightiest warriors known to fame.

Yet if there was a snake at all
Some fain would question;—some at least
Would count my story mythical
Of her that slew the dreadful beast.

But many a hill-side gully shows,
In many a forest still abides
Some token of the awful throes
Wherewith the frightful monster died.

And still the curious eye may see
Where Canandaigua's billows moan,
Out-spewed in death's last agony,
The victim's skulls transformed to stone.

Nor valor less her bosom bore,
But more her greatness stands confessed
If chance it were no serpent, more
Than lives to-day in every breast.

THE SHINING MANITO.

Great Manabo-zho sailing lone
Remotest tide,
As drawing nigh to shores unknown,
Bright on the hills afar he spied,
And strange and new,
Lodge of the Shining Manito.

With warrior pride, he all night long
And unafraid,
Shaped spear and bow and arrow strong,
And brought his weapons ready made
At dawning light,
And stripped and armed him for the fight.

Then he the conflict dread began:
The war-whoop gave;
"Surround him!" yelled, as on he ran,—
"Run up! run up!!" as with him, brave,
Were there and then
Three times a hundred armèd men.

Fierce did all day that battle wage,—
More furious grew;
Wide o'er the land did storm and rage:
Nor wound had he—that Manito,
So all complete
In wampum clad from head to feet.

Thick fell the blows—the arrows sped:
"O it was you!"
Cried Manabo-zho—"You!" he said,
"My kindred, my Ne-me-sho slew!"
Till left had he
Of all his arrows only three.

Just then a gentle voice he heard—
Past Ma-ma flew;
"O Manabo-zho!" spake the bird,
As he another arrow drew,
"Of wampum bare
His crown:—shoot at that tuft of hair."

As he let fly straight at that spot,
Lo! blood he saw;
He then his second arrow got.—
This brought him low; a third did draw
Full on his head,
And down that Manito fell dead.

Then, uttering his *Saw-saw-quan,*
His scalp he drew;
He took the blood, as wide it ran,
And Ma-ma's head — the friend so true —
As seen to-day,
All gory red, he painted gay.

THE FLOOD.

Among the mighty deeds, still told
In legends dim,
Of Manabo-zho strong and bold,
None is, of all the tales of him
From days of old,
More strange or true,
Than how he built the world anew.

As journeying far by many a reach
Of billowy strand,
He saw, stretched on the sandy beach,
And guarded by a faithful band
Wound each with each
And dazzling bright,
The Prince of Serpents, snowy white.

So late from battle won, he knew
No fear of foe;
With all his strength his bow he drew,
Full on his heart the shaft, let go.

Fell swift and true;
Then shouting dread
His *Saw-saw-quan*, away he fled.

Then horrid cried the Serpents—"See!
Our Prince is slain!
O Manabo-zho!—it is He!!—
But we will catch him!" as amain
By land and sea
They, hissing, ran
In chase of him—that Mighty Man!

Them Manabo-zho heard the while
As on he sped
O'er hill and vale—each step a mile!—
Heard close behind the writhing tread
Of creatures vile;
And well he knew
In each an Evil Manito.

He mountain climbed—the highest tree—
The topmost height;
O'er all the land a boundless sea
Did rush and swash;—Oh! fearful sight!
Up to his knee
The waters drew,
Still higher—higher round him grew.

A cry great Manabo-zho gave:
"Grandfather wise
Do stretch yourself—Ne-me-sho brave!"[63]
And quick that tree did taller rise—
Out of the wave
Him upward bore;
But still the waters heightened more.

Thrice did he call; thrice from the tide
That tree did grow;
Still higher rose the billows wide;
"Alas! I can no higher go."
The tree replied;
While yet he prayed,
Just at his chin the waters stayed.

Near on the waste a Loon did pass:
"O Brother true!
Down—get of earth a little mass,"
He said, "to build the World anew:"
That bird, alas!
Though diver bold,
Thence rose a lifeless form and cold.

Then to the Musk-Rat, swimming nigh:
"O Brother! bring
A little earth; down—down and try;

Each grassy tarn and reedy spring,
As days gone by
Your home shall be,
Or on the land, or on the sea."

He too did down; rose like the Loon,
A lifeless thing;
But in his nostrils breathing, soon
He, Manabo-zho, him did bring
The precious boon
Of life;—and then
Said he—"My Brother, try again."

Next time a little soil he drew
Up from the seas;
This Manabo-zho added to
The drownèd Loon; and built of these
The World anew,
As you can see—
With every beast and bird and tree.

ORIGIN OF THE RED WILLOW.

Once on a time a-hunting went
Great Manabo-zho: with his bow
He traveled on through wind and snow;
At length, just as the day was spent,
High perched upon a withered tree,
Afar he spied a Kee-wau-nee:

He fixed an arrow, creeping nigher.
He shot it, and the bird did bring
Into the woods, where was a spring:
He plucked the feathers, built a fire,
And by the flame, to cook it quick,
He stuck it on a forkèd stick.

And then he said, "I think that I
Will take a nap." "Here legs," said he,
You roast the bird—the Kee-wau-nee:
See it don't burn; let none come nigh
To touch it; and be sure you keep
A-watch:" —and then he went to sleep.

A hungry Wolf—the O-kwa-ho,
That near, but warily, had crept,
Came—seeing Manabo-zho slept;
"My Brothers, walking through the snow,
You must," he said, "to come so far,
Be tired—as indeed you are."

"Yes,"—said the legs,—"We came from wide
Beyond the rising sun to-day;—
Brought Manabo-zho all the way."
"He sleeps, you watch," the Wolf replied;
He has a coat of skins to wear,
While you, my Brothers, you are bare."

Then forth he furry leggins drew:
"With hunger I am almost dead;—
Give me the bird, and I," he said,
Will give you these, so warm and new;
To Manabo-zho you can say:—
'It came to life and flew away.'"

The legs, cajoled by flattery,
Did give consent; as they were bid,
Behind a log the leggins hid;
Them they would show another day
To Manabo-zho, and declare
That truly they had found them there.

But Manabo-zho sleeping yet,
They brought, and on the leggins tried;
Their color, warmth, elate with pride,
Admiring,— all their shape and fit:
When Manabo-zho woke; said he—
"Where is the bird,—the Kee-wau-nee?"

"It came to life and flew away,"
They said;—"The Master of Life, He blew
Upon the fowl, and off it flew.
"And whence these leggins?" Ah! said they,
"We found them in the woods; we did
Indeed,—there by some hunter hid."

Them Manabo-zho taking, he
Did smell them; then more wroth he grew;
"I see, what I had thought was true."
He said—"who stole the Kee-wau-nee:
I see, as I had cause to fear,
The Wolf, my cousin, has been here."

As him his legs did homeward bear,
He cut a switch; at every stride
He switched them, till all gory-dyed:
The willows, that so yellow were
Before, became,—as you can see,—
As red with blood as red can be.

THE BEAR-WIFE.

In days of old
There lived an Indian hunter bold;
In childhood skilled
In hunting, he a Bear had killed;
To more extol and record fair
A deed so famed,
His people hence him Yek-wai named—
Named him the Bear.

When manhood came
He hunted Bears, his chosen game;
And many a beast
Slain by his hand, had piled the feast;
Until no more that shaggy brute
Did near abound;
By hunters brave alone was found
In wilds remote.

Once far away,
When hunting vain, at close of day,
His path beside
A stranger wigwam glad he spied;
And coming there, he raised the mat:
The inmates all,
Lo! they were Bears, both great and small,
That smoking sat.

A seat he sought,—
He silent smoked the pipe they brought.
They offered meat;
He took, and silently did eat;
And when refreshed with food and rest,
An old gray Bear,
The Chief, with friendly speech and fair,
Thus him addressed:—

"My son," said he,
"Among us I am glad to see
One known of old,
Though only as a hunter bold;
But oh! we Bears do suffer sore
For all your fame.
The she Bears tremble at your name;—
Hunt us no more."

"Come live with me;
A pleasant life our life shall be.
Of savory things,—
Of fruits of earth the Summer brings,
Fruits good alike for Bears and Men,
We eat our fill;
Then sleep the winter long, until
Spring comes again."

'My daughter, too,
I, for a wife, will give to you."
When she came nigh,
And moccasins so warm and dry
Put on his feet; while she did lean
All unafraid,
He thought he had no Indian maid
So lovely seen.

And biding there,
He took for wife that Woman-bear;
They, void of strife,
Lived happily in wedded life.
Two sons erewhile she bore to him;
Like her, one son
A Bear became; an Indian one
In mind and limb.

The Bear-child, sore
Oppressed with heat, the mother bore
With her to sleep
Into the caves, so cool and deep:
The other, left alone in pain,
With hunger pressed,
Would call and cry for mother's breast
And arms in vain.

When ripe and good
The nuts were fallen in the wood—
Lay thick below.
The Bear-wife said—"Stay while I go
And gather acorns:" with her kin
Afar she went;
And Yek-wai tarried well content
The lodge within.

But tired at last,
Into the woods he wary passed
A little way,
As on each still-remembered day,
With shaft and bow: and looking well
About, he saw
A fat she Bear; on her did draw,—
And down she fell.

Oh ! fatal shot !
For when he came nigh to the spot,
He there, with awe,
His Bear-wife's sister, bleeding saw :
"O cruel man !" she cried; — "in vain
Our kindness shown ;
Leave us I pray ! — unto your own
Return again."

Straight did he go
Back to the lodge ; pretending so
By speech and air
That all the time he had been there ;
The Chief knew all : — with anger seized,
Would Yek-wai kill,
But that the Bear-wife's woman skill
His wrath appeased.

The Autumn passed ;
The Winter came ; the Bears, at last,
As all Bears do,
Into their winter-lodge withdrew.
There Yek-wai with his Bear-wife went ;
And lovingly
Together in a hollow tree
They lived content.

But them erewhile
A hunter spied. To him beguile,
Out of the hole
All cautiously the Bear-wife stole;
Jumped from the tree; with leap and bound
And lame-pretence
Allured him on,—escaping thence
Without a wound.

When home again
Returned, she cried—"Unhappy man!
O Yek-wai! pray
Go back, and with your people stay:
Our union has brought only ill;
You killed, ah me!
My sister; now your friends, you see,
Seek us to kill."

"It is not well
That bears and men together dwell;
Each with its kind,
As the Great Spirit has designed,
Alone is good for men and bears;
As we can see,
A different habitation he
For each prepares."

And Yek-wai then
Unto his tribe returned again;—
Took thence his son;
The bear-wife kept the bear-like one.
And though he led a hunter-life
Full many a year,
No she bear would he kill, for fear
To kill his wife.

SHIN-GE-BIS.

He, Shin-ge-bis, so bold and free,
Was duck or man, as he might please;
Him, in his barky wigwam, He,
Kabi-bonok-ka, could not freeze;
But four small logs the winter through
Had he to burn to keep him warm:
Yet stout of heart, no fear he knew—
Laughed at the Winter's raging storm.

The Windy God—the North Wind cold—
"Who is the wondrous man?"—said he:
"I do not like such daring bold:—
This Shin-ge-bis must mastered be;
I high will pile the drifting snow,
Will freeze the lakes—the rivers fast;
Will bid the mighty tempests blow,
And with a tenfold fiercer blast."

Still Shin-ge-bis, through storm and gloam,
Unto the reedy mere he went;
His strings of fish came dragging home;—
Cooked, ate and slept he, well content;
Sang to the fire-light's paling glow,
As on his bear-skin couch he lay:
"Kabi-bonok-ka, blow, and blow—
Kabi-bonok-ka, go your way."

Swift winged the North Wind o'er the land,
Unto the wigwam wroth he came;
There Shin-ge-bis saw, listening, stand—
Saw just beside the barky frame,
Kabi-bonok-ka, chill and wan:
Still louder rang his roundelay:
"Ho! Shin-ge-bis is still your man—
Ho! Windy God, I know your way."

Wild and more shrill the North Wind blew,
And yet a colder blast he sent;
Then, as aside the mat he drew,
He stalked into the reedy tent,—
Sat mute beside the failing fire;
Without, the tempest's roar and clang
Rose louder—higher still and higher;
Yet Shin-ge-bis, he careless sang:

"Ho! you are but my fellow man!"
He stirred the coals, a warmer glow
They gave; the tears free overran
Kabi-bonok-ka's eyes of snow—
Fell streaming down; "Alas!" said he,
"I cannot stay—this will not do,
I cannot master him, I see;
His is a mighty Manito."

Then from the wigwam silently
He went; still fleeing far and long;
Still on the land, or on the sea
He heard of Shin-ge-bis the song:
"Heigh ho! my Windy God!"—sang he,
Let blow the fiercest blasts you may;
Still Shin-ge-bis will happy be—
You cannot freeze him—go your way."

SPEECH OF ME-TEY-A.

Me-tey-a: thou didst make thine own
Thy people's wrongs — still unredressed.
Remembering the despairing moan
That struggled through thy vain protest,
I hear again, or seem to hear: —
"My Father, hearken what I say;
Have pity on your children dear —
They would not go afar away.

"You see our land is very fair; —
We sold you of our land before;
Your children built their wigwams there;
Already you are asking more;
But oh! we cannot sell you all —
We cannot sell our homes to-day;
Our country now is all too small;
We would not go afar away.

"This land — this goodly land — you see,
The Mighty Manito, he gave
To grow the Indian's corn, and be
His hunting-ground, his home, and grave;
We built our homes here long ago —
Here where you see our homes to-day;
It was our father's home; and oh!
We would not go afar away.

"Our hearts are good: — but do not seek
For more to get our little land;[64]
Your dusky childrens' hands are weak —
My Father's is a mighty hand.
O! open wide your ears: — O! let
Your hearts, too, hearken what I say;
I speak for all in Council met: —
We would not go afar away.

"Look on our aged warriors there,
Look on our women's trembling fears:
Look on our children, pleading fair, —
Have pity on our falling tears;
See where my people's wigwams stand,
There would your dusky children stay;
How can they leave their Father-land?
We cannot go afar away."

Might heart of love or tongue of fire
Prevail aggression's hand to stay
Where proudly points yon glittering spire,
Had been thy People's home to-day;
Where flaming meteors, glaring red,
Fright all the plain with hurrying din,
Had lightly woke thy children's tread,
Their cheerful Home-fire bright had been.

Or where the springs of Kankakee
The grassy meadows interlace,
Might, as of old, securely be
Thy lowly People's dwelling place.
Of what avail these tears that flow,
More than availed thy mournful "Nay?"—
Thy latest kinsman long ago
Went sorrowing on — afar away.

THE LAST OF THE HUNTER-RACE.

Ye lingering few, who suffering bide—
Who wander where the falling moon
Looks on Missouri's farthest tide,
Fair silvers o'er each lone lagoon;
Far-exiled from your native plains
Ye homesick roam the desert-wild,
Or where Sierra-winter reigns,
With mountains high on mountains piled.

With grief in other years unknown,
When crimson ran each bleeding breast,
I hear afar your dying moan
Go shrieking down the fading West.
The fading West!—even now I see
Your footsteps on its farthest shore;
The fading West!—there soon will be
For you a fading West no more.

And when no more a fading West
These anxious eyes shall seek in vain,
Where shall my failing People rest?—
Their home-bright wigwams build again?
Or who in the far years shall tell
That this broad land, so fair unrolled,
Where now the Pale-face Strangers dwell
Was all your heritage of old?

Yet on—still on,—unresting flee
Till bounded by the billowy waste;
For oh! a more remorseless sea
Bids your retreating footsteps haste;
The hurrying, eager Hosts of Toil
On—like a fiery billow sweep,
To spoil the wild—with it to spoil
Your homes beside the rolling deep.

Low in the sunset's waning light,
Above the hungry, roaring waves,
I see, as with prophetic sight,
The last of all the Hunter Braves;
With warrior arm uplifted high,
And crying to the Indian's God,
With one long, last, despairing cry
He sinks in the devouring flood.

Gone—all are gone—the noble dead.
Save from this sorely-aching breast:
Though prone I linger, all are fled
Of forms and sounds I love the best.
No more return the days gone by—
The mournful waves along the shore
Blend with my own their wail and cry,
And echo back—"No more!—no more!!"



The Wheat cast in the earth, it needs must wait
The slow on-coming time;
The autumn's gloom, the winter's frost and rain
And glow of summer's sunshine, ere it yield
The bread-filled ears. Yet shall the seed again
Return unto the sower; soon or late
Comes to the rudest clime
The Harvest-home; and every well-tilled field
Bears at the last its wealth of golden grain.

Notes.

Note 1. "*Ye lingering few who weakly stand* Page 6.
Where strong of old your fathers stood."

"There are still residing in the State of New York about four thousand Iroquois [1851]. The several fragments of the nations yet continue their relationships and intercourse with each other, and cling to the shadow of the ancient League."

Lewis H. Morgan's *League of the Iroquois.*

It is claimed that their numbers are now slowly on the increase.

Note 2. "*Hid in the sacred wampum-band.*" Page 8.

"The original Wampum of the Iroquois, in which the laws of the League were recorded, was made of spiral fresh-water shells, *Ote-ko-a*, which were strung on deer-skin strings, or sinews, and the strands braided into belts, or simply united into strings."— *Ibid.*

Note 3. "*Traced only by the narrow trail* Page 13.
That dusky moccasined feet had made."

Not only the villages of the Iroquois were connected by well-worn trails, but there was one principal trail that extended all the distance from the Hudson River to Lake Erie.

"It was usually from twelve to eighteen inches wide, and deeply worn in the ground; varying in this respect from three to six, and even twelve inches, depending upon the firmness of the soil. The large trees on each side were frequently marked with the hatchet. This well-beaten foot-path, which no runner, nor band of warriors could mistake, had doubtless been trodden by successive generations from century to century. * * While it is scarcely possible to ascertain a more direct route than the one pursued by this trail, the accuracy with which it was traced from point to point to save distance, is extremely surprising."

League of the Iroquois, p. 429.

Note 4. "*The cry of beast or scream of bird* Page 19.
That sorrow's dim monitions bear."

The Indian is a firm believer in a multitude of signs and omens—in transformations, incarnations, and possessions; an animal, as a deer, a bear, or a bird, may be a messenger of good or evil. The natural proneness of the Indian's mind to superstition has been enhanced, no doubt, by their marvelous legends and fables handed down from generation to generation.

Note 5. "*Some spirit of the earth or air.*" Page 29.

"Spirits of the earth and air abound on every hand, who stand ready to lend their aid by inhabiting human bodies, or by sending monsters, or giants, or pigmies, to do the needed work. The whole creation is filled with these lesser spirits, of benign or malignant character, who at one moment spring out of a rock, or a tree, or a plant, or animate a shell, an insect or a bird."

Oneota, by H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, p. 259.

Note 6. "*Just by the day's departing track*
Great Inigorio's shining tent." Page 30.

"The O-jib-was, and, indeed, nearly all the North American Indians, situate their Paradise to the west.

"An O-jib-wa legend runs thus: Paradise was made by Manabo-zho. He aided the Great Spirit in the creation of the world, and at first neither of them thought of a Paradise. Man, such was their decree, should be happy in this earth, and find a satisfaction in this life; but as the Evil Spirit interfered, and produced wickedness, illness, death and misfortune of every description among them, the poor souls wandered about deserted and homeless. When the Great Spirit saw this he grieved for them, and ordered Manabo-zho to prepare a paradise for them in the west, where they might assemble. Manabo-zho made it very beautiful, and he was himself appointed to receive them there."

Kitchi Gami, by J. G. KOLL, p. 216.

"'The happy home beyond the setting sun, had cheered the heart, and lighted the expiring eye of the Indian, before the ships of Columbus had borne the cross to this western world."

League of the Iroquois, p. 168.

Note 7. Page 34.

These, and other myths, will be found in full in *Hiawatha Legends*, by H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Note 8. "*Bright by the Onondaga shore*
He lit the Home-fire's sacred flame." Page 40.

"It was a striking peculiarity of the ancient religious system of the Iroquois that once a year, the priesthood supplied the people with sacred fire. For this purpose a set time was announced for the ruling priest's visit. The entire village was apprised of this visit, and the master of each lodge was expected to be prepared for this annual rite. * * His lodge-fire was carefully put out and ashes scattered about it, as a symbolic sign of desolation and want. Exhibiting the insignia of the sacerdotal office, he (the priest) proceeded to invoke the Master of Life in their behalf, and ended his mission by striking fire from the flint, or from percussion, and lighted anew the domestic fire."

Notes on the Iroquois, H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, p. 137.

Note 9. "*Wrought into each the magic spell* Page 41.
That fateful is for good or ill."

"They believed that the possession of certain articles about the person would render the body invulnerable; or that their powers over an enemy was thereby secured. A charmed weapon could not be turned aside."
SCHOOLCRAFT'S *History, Condition and Prospects*, Vol. I, p. 86.

Note 10. "*To charm and guard his home and place,* Page 41.
Its barky sides he pictured fair
With to-tems of his name and race."

"By to-temic marks, the various families of a tribe denote their affiliation. A guardian spirit has been selected by the progenitor of a family from some object in the zoological chain. The representative device of this is called the to-tem. Indians are proud of their to-tems, and are prone to surround them with allusions to bravery, strength, talent, the power of endurance, or other qualities. A warrior's to-tem never wants honors, in their remembrance, and the mark is put upon his grave-post, or *ad-je-da-ting*, when he is dead. In his funeral pictograph he invariably sinks his personal name in that of his to-tem or family name. There appears to have been originally three to-tems that received the highest honors and respect. They were the Turtle, Bear and Wolf. These were the great to-tems of the Iroquois."
Ibid, Vol. V. p. 73.

Note 11. "*His shaft the frightful monster slew.*" Page 42.

"After a time the people were invaded by the monster of the deep: The Lake Serpent traverses the country, which interrupts their intercourse. The five families were compelled to make fortifications throughout their respective towns, in order to secure themselves from the devouring monsters."
David Cusic. See SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. V. p. 637.

Note 12. "*He slew the frightful Flying Head.*" Page 43.

"The Holder of the Heavens was absent from the country. * * * The reason produced the occasion that they were invaded by the monsters called Ko-neh-ran-neh-neh, i. e., Flying Heads, which devoured several people of the country. The Flying Heads made invasion in the night; but the people were attentive to escape by leaving their huts and concealing themselves in other huts prepared for the occasion." *Ibid*, Vol. V. p. 637.

Note 13. "*The Stonish Giants fierce and tall.*" Page 43.

"The Stonish Giants were so ravenous that they devoured the people of almost every town in the country; but happily the Holder of the Heavens again visits the people, and he observes that the people are in distressed condition on account of the enemy. With a stratagem he proceeds to banish their invaders, and he changes himself into a Giant, and combines the Stonish Giants, he introduces

them to take the lead to destroy the people of the country; but a day's march they did not reach the fort Onondaga, where they intend to invade, and he ordered them to lay in a deep hollow during the night, and they would make attack on the following morning.

"At the dawn of the day the Holder of the Heavens ascended upon the heights and he overwhelmed them by a mass of rocks, and only one escaped to announce the dreadful fate; and since of the event the Stonish Giants have left the country and seeks an asylum in the regions of the earth." *Ibid*, Vol. V. p. 637.

Note 14. "*Gave thanks to Oway-neo great.*" Page 47.

That the Indians observed the custom of giving thanks before meat, at least on certain occasions, and at their great feasts, is shown by several writers.
SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II, p. 76, also *Kitchi Gami*, p. 216.

Note 15. "*Herself to him, the favored brave,*
She proffered with a modest grace." Page 48.

"The warrior never solicits the maiden to dance with him; that privilege was accorded to her alone. In the midst of the dance the females present themselves in pairs between any set they may select, thus giving to each a partner."
League of the Iroquois, p. 286.

Note 16. "*With teeming fields of growing corn.*" Page 48.

"They cultivated this plant, as also the bean and the squash, before the formation of the League. It cannot therefore be affirmed with correctness that the Indian subsisted principally by the chase. The quantities of corn raised by the Iroquois was a constant cause of remark by those who went earliest among them." *Ibid*, p. 198.

Note 17. "*Ta-ren-ya-wa-go! Mighty Man!!*" Page 54.

In one form of the legend this remarkable personage was called Ta-ren-ya-wa-go, that is, The Holder of the Heavens. "His wisdom was as great as his power. The people listened to him with admiration, and followed his advice gladly. There was nothing in which he did not excel good hunters, brave warriors and eloquent orators." SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 314.

Note 18. "*Still on to many a stranger sea.*" Page 55.

"We find curious Indian travelers, who came a great distance, mentioned in the first European reports about Indians. The Choctas preserve the memory of a celebrated traveler of their tribe, who undertook a long journey west, in order to find the sea in which the sun disappeared at setting.

"Similar traditions about great journeys and travelers are found among other tribes." *Kitchi Gami*, p. 121.

Note 19. "*Him Hayo-went-ha they did name,* Page 56.
The wisest he, among the wise."

"When an individual was raised up as a sachem, his original name was laid aside, and that of the sachemship itself assumed. In like manner, at the raising up of a chief, the council of the nation which performed the ceremony, took away the former name of the incipient chief and assigned him a new one.

"Thus when the celebrated Red Jacket was elevated by election to the dignity of a chief, his original name, O-te-ti-an-i, 'always ready,' was taken from him, and in its place was bestowed Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, 'keeper awake,' in allusion to the powers of his eloquence." *League of the Iroquois*, p. 89.

Note 20. "*He, Hayo-went-ha good and great,* Page 58.
Would woo and wed a mortal bride."

"After he had given them wise instructions for observing the laws and maxims of the Great Spirit, * * * he laid aside the high prerogative of his public mission, and resolved to set them an example of how they should live.

"For this purpose he selected a beautiful spot on the southern shore of one of the lesser lakes, which is called Ti-o-to (Cross Lake) by the natives to this day. Here he erected his lodge, planted his field of corn, kept by him his magic canoe, and selected a wife." H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 314.

Note 21. "*In the fore-gone time of fasting,* Page 65.
Whence I drew
Smile and blessing of the Mighty
Manito."

"The rite of fasting is one of the most deep-seated and universal in the Indian's ritual. It is practiced among all the American tribes, and is deemed by them essential to their success in life in every situation. No young man is fitted to begin the career of life until he has accomplished his great fast. Seven days appear to have been the maximum limit of endurance, and the success of the devotee is inferred from the length of continued abstinence to which he is known to have attained.

"These fasts are anticipated by youth as one of the most important events in life; they are awaited with interest, prepared for with solemnity, and endured with a self-devotion bordering on the heroic."

Algic Researches, H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. I. p. 148.

Note 22. "*Build the fire, make bright the wigwam,* Page 66.
As the forest maiden should"

In the pure hunter state, the division of labor between the man and wife is not so unequal as many suppose.

"Where, then, the whole duty and labor of providing the means of subsistence, ennobled by danger and courage, falls upon the man, the woman naturally sinks in importance, and is a dependent drudge. But she is not therefore, I sup-

pose, so *very* miserable, nor, relatively, so very abject; she is sure of protection; sure of maintenance, at least while the man has it; sure of kind treatment; sure that she will never have her children taken from her but by death; sees none better off than herself, and it is evident that in such a state the appointed and necessary share of the woman is the household work, and all other domestic labors." MRS. JAMISON, *in Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*.

From unpublished notes by the late Mr. W. H. Clarke, of Chicago, whose acquaintance with leading Indians of the West extended over many years, I am permitted to make some extracts. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Schoolcraft, to whom the world is greatly indebted for her praiseworthy efforts to preserve the legendary lore of the Indians. Herself of Indian lineage, and spending the greater part of a long life among her people, her statements cannot but be taken as trustworthy.

In answer to questions as to the condition of the Indian women, she said, "It was better than that of the white woman, taking into consideration the differences between the races. That is to say, although on account of many inevitable causes, the Indian woman is subjected to many hardships of a physical nature, yet her position, compared to that of man, is higher and freer than that of the white woman."

"O Mr. C.!" said she, "why will they look only upon one side? they either exalt the Red Man into a demi-god, or degrade him into a beast. They say he compels his wife to do all the drudgery, while he does nothing but hunt and amuse himself; forgetting that upon his activity and powers of endurance as a hunter depends the support of his family."

Note 23. "*She is of my native people*
Ongue Honwe—that is said." Page 66.

The term, ONGUE HONWE,—a people surpassing all others—that the Iroquois proudly applied to themselves, being older than the discovery of the continent by Europeans, did not refer to them; but denoted a people surpassing all other red men. In that sense it was probably strictly true.

Note 24. "*No garden lilies are half-blown,*
No sweets their fragrance may possess,
Surpass the roses of the wild—
The beauty of the wilderness." Page 72.

Had not the writer, in his casual intercourse with the Indians, seen among them maidens of surpassing beauty, comparing favorably with the most lovely maidens of the White Race, he would hardly have ventured to give expression to what will probably seem to many as existing only in the picturings of an exalted imagination.

Fredrika Bremer, in her Homes of the New World, says of an Indian maiden she saw in Minnesota: "She was so brilliant and of such unusual beauty that she literally seemed to light up the whole room as she entered. Her shoulders were broad and round, and her carriage drooping, as is usual with Indian women,

who are early accustomed to carry burdens on their backs; but the beauty of the countenance was so extraordinary that I cannot but think that if such a face were to be seen in one of the drawing-rooms of the fashionable world, it would there be regarded as the type of a beauty hitherto unknown. It was the wild beauty of the forest, at the same time melancholy and splendid."

Mrs. Jamison also speaks in high terms of Indian women she met. Of Mrs. Schoolcratt she says: "Her genuine refinement and simplicity of manners, and native taste for literature, are charming. * * * While in conversation with her, new ideas of the Indian's character suggest themselves. * * She is proud of her Indian origin. * * But there is a melancholy and pity in her voice when speaking of them [her people], as if she did indeed consider them a doomed race."

Of another Indian woman she says: "Though now no longer young, and the mother of twelve children, she is one of the handsomest Indian women I have yet seen. * * Her daughter, Zah-gah-see-ga-quay—the sunbeams breaking through a cloud—is a very beautiful girl, with eyes that are a warrant for her poetic name."

Note 25. "*As youth and maiden may, did seek*
Some token of her happier fate." Page 74.

"Even the Indian girls dream at times that they will become mighty runners, and evince a pride in excelling in this art, like the men. A case occurred during my stay at La Pointe. A warlike maiden suddenly appeared, who boasted of having taken a Sioux scalp, and she was led in triumph from lodge to lodge.

"I was told that a superannuated female had appeared to this girl, who was now nineteen, during the period of her great fasts and dreams of life, who prophesied to her that she would become the greatest runner of her tribe, and thus gain the mightiest warrior for husband.

"I must remark here, as indeed every reader will easily conjecture, that the fasting dreams of the Indian girls chiefly allude to the subject of marriage. Thrice—so said the prophetic voice—she would join in an expedition against the Sioux, and thrice save herself by her speed of foot. In running home, the warriors of her tribe would strive to outstrip her, but she would in two first campaigns outstrip everybody. * * On the return from the third campaign, however, a young Ojib-wa would race with her, and conquer her, and she would then be married to him.

"The girl had made her first war expedition this year. She had proceeded with the warriors of her tribe into the enemy's camp, raised the scalp of a wounded Sioux on the battle-field, and had run straight home for several days, thus bringing the first news of the victory, which greatly augmented her renown. * * She was pointed out to every one as the heroine of the day and of the island; and probably ere this some young warrior has run a race with her, in which she was only too ready to be defeated." *Kitchi Gami*, p. 125.

Note 26. *"Love beckon from her waiting place."* Page 75.

"The wife of the hunter has the entire control of the wigwam and all its temporalities. To each person who is a member of the lodge family is assigned a fixed seat, or habitual abiding place, which is called *abbinos*. * * If the son is married and brings his bride home, the mother assigns the bride her *abbinos*. This is done by spreading one of the finest skins for her seat, and no one besides her husband ever sits there. * * In this manner the personal rights of each individual are guarded. The female is punctilious as to her own, so that perfect order is maintained." H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II. p. 63.

Note 27. *"Or plucked the Autumn's ripened ears* Page 77.
As meet and fit for Indian maid."

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncolonized tribes, are left entirely to the women. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the women as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meat, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies. * * A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests." *Oneota*, p. 82.

Note 28. *"To gather its kernels ripe and good."* Page 77.

The wild rice of the north is the *Zizania Palustris*, and abounds in the shallow waters of the Western lakes and rivers. It forms a dish palatable and nutritious; and is the principal vegetable food of the Indians where it abounds. It is gathered by the women, who shove their canoes among it, and, bending the ripened heads over the boat, beat out the grain with paddles.

Note 29. *"With patient trust her hunger bore* Page 79.
And all heroic sacrifice."

"All acknowledge their lives to be in the hands of the Great Spirit, feel a conviction that all things come from him, that he loves them, and that, although he allows them to suffer, he will again supply them. No people are more easy or less clamorous under suffering of the deepest die, and none are more happy, or more prone to evince their happiness when prosperous in their affairs."
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II. p. 78.

Note 30. *"Or only do we fail to find* Page 80.
The measure meet for gifts divine?"

"Genius, learning and Christianity change the features of society, and cast over it an artificial garment, but its elements continue the same. It need not awaken surprise that the Indian has revealed many of the highest virtues of

Christianized man; or that in some of the rarest traits in human character, he has passed quite beyond him." *League of the Iroquois*, p. 181.

Mrs. Schoolcraft says: "I have seen among them instances of refined delicacy of feeling, and traits of kindness of heart diffusing itself through the action and manners, which I have in vain sought in highly civilized communities. I have heard speeches which, had they been made by the sages of antiquity, would have been handed down to us with a world's applause; and I have asked myself, where is the intrinsic difference between the soul of this red man in his blanket, and that of him who is surrounded by all the accidents of education, civilization and manners; are not those noble sentiments—the feeling of the good, the great and the beautiful—intuitive?" *Unpublished Notes.*

Note 31. *"On her his tottering footsteps leant."* Page 81.

As an instance of filial affection manifested toward parents, Mr. Schoolcraft gives the story of an aged chief, who resided at Michilimacinac.

"He lived to be very old, and became so feeble at last that he could not travel by land, when spring came on and his people prepared to move their lodge from the sugar-camp in the forest, to the open lake shore. * * It was his last winter on earth, his heart was gladdened once more by feeling the genial rays of spring, and he desired to go with them to behold, for the last time, the expanded lake, and inhale its pure breezes. He must needs be carried by hand. This act of piety was performed by his daughter, then a young woman. She carried him on her back from the camp to the lake shore, where they erected their lodge and passed their spring, and where he eventually died and was buried."

Note 32. *"In royal mantle rich arrayed."* Page 86.

"War shirts, war coats, and mantles for use on ceremonial occasions, are often made from the skins of the fiercest and most renowned animals captured in the chase. * * They are elaborately wrought and profusely ornamented. * At the treaty at Prairie-du-Chien, on the Upper Mississippi, in 1825, a great variety of these dresses were exhibited. None, however, exceeded in its majestic style, the robe of a Yonkton chief, from the Minnesota river, who was called Wo-ni-ta. * * He was clothed in a war-robe of buff-colored buffalo-skin, ornamented with porcupine quills, brilliantly dyed. This garment reached to his feet."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 67.

Note 33. *"What wonder he, though calm and wise,* Page 90.
Should feel the round world dance and swim,
When on him bent those love-full eyes
That more than greeting welcomed him!"

It has been asserted by some writers that love among the North American Indians had no higher expression, between the sexes, than that of animal passion. While it may be said, with truth, perhaps, that this was its more usual manifestation, their legends very clearly disprove the assumption that the Indian was never

influenced by the tender passion. He could never have embodied in his mythological stories a sentiment to which his mind and heart could not respond, and that had no existence in his expericnces of life.

So many of the Indian legends are founded upon the idea of love, as a tender and lasting sentiment, existing between the young hunter and the young maiden, that it is a little remarkable these writers did not observe the fact. See *The Red Lover*, *The White Stone Canoe*, *Osseo*, and many more.

Nor is this view wanting in confirmation from well-authenticated incidents, among the dwellers in the wig-wam. Mrs. Jamison says: "Some time ago a young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for a hunter of a different tribe, and followed him from his winter hunting-grounds to his own village. He was already married, and the wife, not being inclined to admit a rival, drove this love-sick damsel away, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The girl, in desperation, offered herself as a slave to the wife, to carry wood and water, and lie at her feet,—anything to be admitted within the same lodge and only to look upon the object of her affections."

Note 34. *"Listened—as only woman may,*
Upon his deeper thought intent." Page 94.

"While at the meal, which is prolonged by cheerful conversation, anecdotes, and little narratives of personal adventure, the women are among the listeners; and no one, except the aged, ever obtrudes a word. The young women and girls show that they partake of the festivities by smiles, and are scrupulous to evince their attention to the elder part of the company."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II. p. 75.

Note 35. *"Nor her alone keep in thy love,*
Keep him that waits so far away." Page 110.

"That the Indian, without the aid of revelation, should have arrived at a fixed belief in the existence of one Supreme Being, has ever been a matter of surprise and admiration. * * They looked up to him as the author of their being, the source of their temporal blessings, and the future dispenser of the felicities of their heavenly home. To him they rendered constant thanks [illegible] the changes of the seasons, the fruits of the earth, the preservation of their lives, * * and to him they addressed their prayers for the continuance of his protecting care." *League of the Iroquois*, p. 153.

"Great Spirit, Master of our lives; Great Spirit, Master of all Things both visible and invisible; Great Spirit, Master of other Spirits, whether Good or Evil; command the Good Spirits to favor thy children. * * Command the Evil Spirit to keep at a distance from them.

"O Great Spirit, keep up the Strength and Courage of our Warriors, that they may be able to stem the Fury of our Enemies. * * O Great Spirit, Great Spirit, hear the voice of the Nation, give Ear to all thy Children, and remember them at all times." *Lahontan's Voyages*, p. 35.

Note 36. *"With pipe and meat and courtesy Gave welcome to his noble guest."* Page 111.

"One of the most attractive features of Indian society was the spirit of hospitality by which it was pervaded. Perhaps no people ever carried this principle to the same degree of universality, as did the Iroquois. Their houses were not only open to each other at all hours of the day, and of the night, but also to the wayfarer and the stranger. * * He would surrender his dinner to feed the hungry, vacate his bed to refresh the weary, and give up his apparel to clothe the naked. * * With an innate knowledge of the freedom and dignity of man, he has exhibited the noblest virtues of the heart, and the kindest deeds of humanity, in those sylvan retreats, which we are wont to look back upon as vacant and frightful solitudes." *League of the Iroquois*, p. 327.

Note 37. *"Put by his pipe, looked on the maid, And lonely musing, silent sat."* Page 113.

"There is one custom their men constantly observe; that if they be sent with any message, though it demand the greatest despatch, or though they bring intelligence of any imminent danger, they never tell it at their first approach, but sit down for a minute or two, at least, in silence, to recollect themselves before they speak, that they may not show any degree of fear or surprise, by any indecent expression." *Lahontan's Voyages*, p. 194.

Note 38. *"For Hayo-went-ha, he would bear The burden of the ripened ears."* Page 113.

"The man, to signify his wishes, kills a bear with his own hands, and sends a pail full of the oil to his mistress. If she receives the oil, he next attends and helps her hoe the corn in her field; afterward plants her beans; and when they come up he sets poles for them to run upon. In the meantime he attends her corn, until the beans have run up and entwined themselves about the poles. This is thought emblematical of their approaching union and bondage; and they then take each other for better or for worse."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. V. p. 269.

Note 39. *"His snowy leggins softly drew."* Page 121.

"The corpse is dressed in its best clothes. It is wrapped in a new blanket, and new moccasins are put on. The crown-band, head-dress or frontlet, and feathers, are also put on. His war-club and pipe are placed beside him, together with a small quantity of vermillion. * * If a woman, that is about to be interred, she is provided with a paddle, a kettle, an *apekun*, or carrying strap for the head, and other feminine implements." *Ibid*, Vol. II. p. 68.

Note 40. *"O! Ke-ha-Father, fare-thee-well."* Page 121.

"The corpse is laid in public, where all can gather around it, when an address is made, partly to the spectators, describing the character of the deceased, and partly to the deceased himself, speaking to him as though the *O-ki-chi-ma* or soul was still present, and giving directions as to the path he is supposed to be about to tread in a future state." *Ibid.*

"My son, listen once more to the words of thy mother. Thou wert brought into life with her pains. Thou wert nourished with her life. She has attempted to be faithful in raising thee up. When thou wert young she loved thee as her life. * * Thy friends and relations have gathered about thy body to look upon thee for the last time. * * We part now, and you are conveyed from my sight. But we shall soon meet again. * * Then we shall part no more. Our Master has called you to his home. Thither we follow. *Na-ho!*"—Speech of a Mother over her dead son. *League of the Iroquois*, p. 175.

Note 41. *"Endurance in the mother-breast* Page 122.
Wrought courage in the newly born."

While it is true that it was held a weakness for a mother to give way to any signs of pain during the trying ordeal of child-birth, it must also be remembered that women in the savage state are comparatively free from the danger and suffering incident to civilized life.

"Parturition, with the Indian female, is seldom attended with severe or long-continued suffering. * * A wife has been known to sally into the adjoining forest in quest of dry limbs for fire-wood, and to return to the wigwam with her new-born child, placed carefully on the back-load. * * Their exemption from the usual sufferings of child-birth may be said to be the general condition of the hunter state, and one of the few advantages of it which the woman enjoys over her civilized sister." H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II. p. [illegible].

Note 42. *"What is there more than home and love?"* Page 123.

"I have witnessed scenes of conjugal and parental love in the Indian's wigwam from which I have often, often, thought the educated white man, proud of his superior civilization, might learn a useful lesson. When he returns from hunting, worn out with fatigue, having tasted nothing since dawn, his wife, if she be a good wife, will take off his moccasins and replace them with dry ones, and will prepare his game for their repast; while his children will climb upon him, and he will caress them with all the tenderness of a woman.

"And in the evening the Indian's wigwam is the scene of the purest domestic pleasures. The father will relate for the amusement of the wife, and for the instruction of his children, the events of the day's hunt, while they will treasure up every word that falls, and which furnishes them with the theory of the art, the practice of which is to become the occupation of their lives."

MRS. SCHOOLCRAFT, *From Unpublished Notes.*

Note 43. *"Lit with the mighty Council-flame."* Page 138.

"The government of this unique republic resided wholly in councils. By councils all questions were settled, all regulations established,—social, religious, military and political. The war-path, the chase, the Council-fire;—in these was the life of the Iroquois; and it is hard to say to which of the three he was most devoted."

PARKMAN'S *Jesuits in America.*

Note 44. *"Fifth shall in the Council be."* Page 160.

The order of precedence here adopted is that given by Lewis H. Morgan in his *League of the Iroquois*. This author, possessing, as he did, peculiar facilities for obtaining a correct knowledge of Iroquois history and traditions, is probably correct, though differing with both Clark and Schoolcraft.

Note 45. *"You—as from your homes of old—*
From this fairer land expel." Page 161.

Tradition informs us that prior to their occupation of central New York the Iroquois were located upon the St. Lawrence, in Canada, and that they lived in subjection to the Adirondacks.

"After they had multiplied in numbers and improved by experience, they made an attempt to secure the independent possession of the country they occupied; but having been, in the struggle, overpowered and vanquished by the Adirondacks, they were compelled to retire from the country to escape extermination."

League of the Iroquois, p. 5.

Note 46. *"To the wigwam's mat and shade*
How can he again return
Taking not the little maid." Page 160.

"If just and truthful pictures of Indian life were drawn, in connection with the civilized population of America, it could not fail to excite a deep interest in his fate. What is wanted is to show that the Indian has a heart. That in a state of repose from wars, his bosom beats with affection and hope, and fear, precisely like other varieties of the human race. That he is adhesive and reliable in his friendships. That he is true to his promises—simple in his reliances and beliefs. That he is affectionate to his kindred while they live, and mourns their loss in death with an undying sorrow."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. 5, p. 410.

Note 47. *"See, his cloudy garments all*
Has he taken from the sun." Page 174.

"He has taken his garment from before the sun and caused it to shine with brightness upon us."

See RED JACKET'S famous speech to a missionary; *Drake's Biography and History*, p. 95.

Note 48. "*The snowy parchment dressed and wrought* Page 177.
From great Shan-o-do's hairy hide."

"The practice of the North American tribes, of drawing figures and pictures on skins, trees and various other substances, has been noticed by travelers and writers from the earliest times. * * These figures represent ideas—whole ideas, —and their relation on a scroll, or bark, or tree, or rock, discloses a continuity of ideas * * Picture-writing is, indeed, the literature of the Indian. It cannot be interpreted, however rudely, without letting one know what the red man thinks and believes." H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. I. p. 333.

"They love to speak in a symbolical manner, all their symbols being drawn from the realm of nature. * * I once saw a Buffalo hide covered with figures in the style of children's drawings, which represented battles, treaties of peace, and other such events; the sun and the moon, trees and mountains, and rivers, fish and birds, and all kinds of animals, having their part in the delineations."
Homes of the New World, p. 47.

Note 49. "*In cares of State, as woman should* Page 179.
Should woman have her part and place."

"The history of the world shows that it is one of the tendencies of bravery to cause woman to be respected, and to assume her proper rank and influence in society. This was strikingly manifest in the history of the Iroquois. They are the only tribes in America, north or south, so far as we have any accounts, who gave to women a conservative power in their deliberations. The Iroquois matrons had their representatives in the public councils; and they exercised a negative, or what we call a veto power, in the important question of the declaration of war. They had the right also to interfere in bringing about a peace."
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 195.

Tradition says that at the great Council, which resulted in the formation of the League, the women attended, and it preserves the name of *Ji-go-sa-sa*—The Wild Cat—as a woman of unusual power that took part in its deliberations; and to whose insight and judgment, as we may infer, is due the liberal provisions of this forest-government in favor of the equal rights of the sexes.

Note 50. "*In her all titled lineage,* Page [illegible]
Through her the sachem's kingly line."

"Not the least remarkable among their institutions, was that which confined the transmission of the titles, rights and property in the female line to the exclusion of the male. * * If the Deer tribe of the Cayugas, for example, received a sachemship at the original distribution of these offices, the descent of such title being limited to the female line, it could never pass out of the tribe. * * By the operation of this principle, also, the certainty of descent in the tribe of their principal chiefs, was secured by a rule infallible; for the child must be the son of its mother, although not necessarily of the mother's husband.
League of the Iro[illegible], p. 84.

Note 51. *"The covenant and record holds,* Page 181.
Deed of that noble Brotherhood."

Among the most sacred heir-looms and treasures still in possession of the sachems of the Iroquois, are those wampum-belts, into which the terms and conditions of the League were "talked" at the time of its formation.

Although handed down from sachem to sachem, from generation to generation, their mnemonic pages are still pregnant with meaning—still hold in their mystic symbols the story of the formation of this remarkable League; and are the only repositories remaining of the laws and principles upon which it was founded.

That these belts are wrought upon some uniform system of recording ideas is evident from the fact that, while in the possession of widely separated tribes, although differing as to certain details, their interpretations are all alike as to the fundamental facts and principles of the alliance.

Note 52. *"Into the wisest sachem's hand* Page 182.
He gave the mighty instrument."

"As the laws and usages of the Confederacy were intrusted to the guardianship of such strings, one of the Onondaga sachems, *Ho-no-we-na-to*, was constituted "Keeper of the Wampum," and was required to be versed in its interpretation." *League of the Iroquois*, p. 121.

Note 53. *"Was wide outspread the mighty feast* Page 187.
To feed a thousand hungry men."

"Some of their feasts were on a scale of extravagant profusion. A vain, ambitious host threw all his substance into one entertainment, inviting a whole village, and perhaps several neighboring villages also. In the winter of 1635, there was a feast at the village of Contareea, where thirty kettles were on the fire, and twenty deer and four bears were served up."

PARKMAN'S *Jesuits in America.*

Note 54. *"Of all the parts they chose the best* Page 188.
And unto Hayo-went-ha bore."

When a great feast is given, all the adult members of a village are invited without distinction.

"When the time arrives, each one, according to ancient custom, takes his dish and spoon, and proceeds to the entertainer's lodge. The victuals are served up with scrupulous attention that each receives a portion of the best parts, according to his standing and rank in the village."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. II. p. 75.

Note 55. *"Then forth the waiting pipe was brought."* Page 189.

"Wherever the Indian goes, in peace and war, and whatever he does, his pipe is his constant companion. He draws consolation from it in hunger, want and misfortune." And when he is prosperous and happy, "it is the pipe to which he appeals, as if every puff of the weed were an oblation to the Great Spirit."

Ibid, Vol. II. p. 69.

Note 56. *"Still piling high the stake and bet*
Of blankets, weapons, trinkets—all." Page 189.

"Of all the Indian's social sports the finest and grandest is the ball play. I might call it a noble game, and I am surprised how these savages attain such perfection in it. Nowhere in the world, excepting, perhaps, among the English and some of the Italian races, is the graceful and manly game of ball played so passionately, and on so large a scale. They often play village against village, or tribe against tribe. Hundreds of players assemble, and the wares and goods offered as prizes often reach a value of a thousand dollars, or more."

Kitchi Gami, p. 88.

Note 57. *"Flee in trembling terror, when*
On the war-path bold they see
Aquan-uschi-oni men." Page 201.

Colden says. "I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in their country, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, 'A Mohawk! a Mohawk!' upon which they fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting to make the least resistance."

Note 58. *"From example wise and good*
Shall they to all greatness grow,
To a Mighty Brotherhood;
And all men be bettered so." Page 213.

"It is a memorable fact that the Iroquois were so strongly impressed with the wisdom of their system of confederation, that they publicly recommended a similar Union to the British Colonies. In the important conferences at Lancaster, in 1774, Canuas-sa-te-go. a respected sachem, expressed this view to the commissioners of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland: 'Our wise forefathers established union and amity between the Five Nations. This has given us great weight and authority with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful confederacy, and by observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength and power. Therefore I counsel you, whatever befalls you, never to fall out with one another.'

"No sage of the bright days of Greece could have more truly apprehended the secret of their own power and success."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 183.

Note 59. *"His dishes all were carved and wrought* Page 230.
Out of the skulls of warriors dead,—
The trophies from the battle brought."

"Most distinguished, however, above all others, east or west, was a leader of great courage and wisdom and address, called Ot-o-tar-ho; and when they proposed to form a league, this person, who had inspired dread, and kept himself retired, was anxiously sought. He was found sitting in a swamp, smoking his pipe, and rendered completely invulnerable by living snakes. * * His dishes were made of the skulls of enemies, whom he had slain in battle.

"Him, when they had duly approached with presents, and burned tobacco in friendship, in their pipes, by way of frankincense, they placed at the head of their league, as its presiding officer. * * And his name, like that of King Arthur of the Round Table, or those of the Paladins of Charlemagne, was used after his death as an exemplar of glory and honor; while, like that of Cæsar, it became perpetuated as the official title of the presiding officer. * * It is said that the thirteenth Ot-o-tar-ho reigned at Onondaga when America was discovered."

Notes on the Iroquois.

Note 60. *"A fiery soul that most could sway* Page 231.
All passions with the might of speech.' .

"For readiness to perceive the position of the Red Race as civilization gathered around them, curtailing their hunting-grounds, and hemming up their path in various ways; for quickness of apprehension, and breadth of forecast, and appositeness and sharpness of reply, no one of the leading groups of tribes in North America has equaled the Seneca Orator, Red Jacket, or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 198.

Note 61. *"Who weakly owned no brother's God,* Page 231.
Nor less adjudged for wisdom thence."

"He had no doubt that Christianity was good for white people, but the red men were a different race and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them, nor the Bible given to them.

"If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelations to them as well as the whites; and not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers."

CAMPBELL'S *Indian Tribes of North America.*

Note 62. *"On battle-field, in Council-hall,* Page 232.
Alike created to command."

"The Oneida sachem, Sken-an-do, electrified the moral community when a hundred years had cast their frosts around his noble and majestic brow, by views of the tenure and destinies of life, which were worthy of the lips of Job."

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Vol. III. p. 198.

NOTES.

Note 63. *"Grandfather wise,* Page 276.
Do stretch yourself—Ne-me-sho brave!'"

All objects in the material world being endowed, in the Indian's mind, with a living and intelligent spirit, birds, reptiles and beasts, and even inanimate objects are often addressed as brother or grandfather. The trees of the forest, the stones that lie along his pathway, have ears open to his prayers, and whose power he invokes in the hour of peril.

Note 64. *"Our hearts are good, but do not seek* Page 292.
For more to get our little land."

"Our country was given to us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon, to make our cornfields upon, to live upon, and to make down our beds upon when we die. And he would never forgive us should we bargain it away."
—Speech of Me-tey-a at Chicago in 1821. FORD'S *History and Biography.*

"My reason teaches me that *land cannot be sold.* The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and to cultivate so far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil; but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

BLACK HAWK.

VOCABULARY.

A-MEEK',	The beaver.
A-QUAN-US-CHI-O NI.	United People.
A RO-SE -A.	The squirrel.
BE-ZHU',	The panther.
CHEE'-MAUN.	A canoe.
CHEBI-A' BOS.	The Ruler in the Land of Souls.
DA-HIN'-DA,	The bull-frog.
DO-DI-AH -TO,	The trout.
DUN-KA-DOO',	The bittern.
E-GHE-A'	Yes.
E-WA-YEA',	Lullaby.
ES-CON-AW -BAW,	The Mississippi.
GITCH'E GU'MEE,	Lake Superior.
GUSH-KE'-WAU,	The darkness.
I-A'-GO,	A great story-teller.
JIK-ON -SIS,	The pike.
JIT'-SHO,	The fox.
KABI-BON-OK'-KA,	The North Wind.
KAH'-KAH,	The crow.
KAH-SAH'-GIT.	Winter.
KEY-OSHK',	The sea-gull
KAX'-ÄÄ,	Maid.
KE-NEU',	The War-eagle.
KE-WAU-NEE ,	The prairie-hen.
KEE-WAY'-DIN,	The Home-wind.
KE-KAH-DAH'-NONG,	The lizard.
KI-HA'-DEE,	A river.
KO -KO-KO'-HO,	The owl.
KNE'-HAH.	My father.

KU-HA'-GO,	The forest.
KUN-TA-SOO',	The Game of Plum-stones.
KWÄN-O-SHAISH'-TA,	Great snake.
KWÄN-RUN-GE-A'-GOSH,	Great sturgeon.
KWA-RA-RE',	The wood-pecker.
LEAF-MOON,	May.
MA'-MA,	The red-headed wood-pecker.
MAHNG,	The loon.
ME'-DA,	Medicine Man, or Priest.
ME-SHA-WAY',	The elk.
MUDJE-KE'-WIS,	The West Wind.
MINNE-WÄ'-WÄ,	A pleasant sound, as of the wind.
MO'-SA,	The moose.
NE-BA-NAW'-BAIGS,	Water Spirits.
NE'-GIG,	The otter.
NE-NE-MOOSH'-A,	Sweetheart.
O-'AH,	The wind.
OGH-WE-SE',	The pheasant.
OGH-NE'-TA,	The pine tree.
O JIS-HON'-DA,	The stars.
O'-KAH,	The snow.
O-KWA-HO',	The wolf.
O-ME'-ME,	The pigeon.
ON'-GUE HON'-WE,	Men surpassing all others.
O-NOK'-SA,	The bass.
O'-NUST,	The Indian corn, Maize.
O-WAH-AI'-GUT,	Death.
PAU-PUK-KEE'-WIS,	A trickster.
PUCK-WUDJ'-IES,	The little men; Fairies.
SAH'-WAH,	The perch.
SAW-SAW-QUAN',	The death-whoop.
SCHO-TA-SA'-MIN,	The bean.

SE-BOW-ISH'-A,	A rivulet.
SEG-WUN',	The Spring.
SHAW -SHAW,	The swallow.
SHOW-ON-DA -SEE,	The South Wind.
SOAN-GE-TÄ'-HÄ,	The strong-hearted.
SHIN'-GE-BIS,	The diver, or grebe.
SKAN-O'-DO,	The deer
SO'-RA,	The duck.
SO-HA-UT',	The turkey.
SO-HA-HI',	The outlet of the Onondaga Lake.
TA'-WIS,	The snipe.
TI-O'-TO,	Cross Lake.
TO'-TEM,	The Indian's Heraldic emblems.
UNK-TA-HE',	The God of water.
UNO'-WUL,	The turtle.
WÄ'-BUN AN'UNG,	The Morning Star.
WÄ-BE-WÄ'-WÄ,	The white goose.
WA-WON-AIS'-SA,	The whippoorwill.
WÄ-WÄ,	The wild goose.
WAMP'-UM,	Strings of beads, also woven into
WAU'-BOS,	The hare. [belts. See Note 38
WAU-BE-ZEE',	The swan.
WO-NE'-DA,	The Moon.
WA-ZHA-WAND ,	The Maker of the World.
YEK'-WAI,	The bear.
YO'NOND,	A mountain.
YO-NON'-TO,	A hill.
YO-YO-HON'-TO,	A stream.
YONG'-WE,	Woman.

* The outer column mostly Algonquin, the inner Iroquois.

ART LIFE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

——:o:——

Second Thousand Revised.

——:o:——

S. C. GRIGGS & CO., CHICAGO.

PRICE $1.00, FULL GILT, $1.25.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A new book by a new author, at least new to us, but one who gives us poems of a pure character and of a high order. A book of greater poetic merit has not appeared for years past."—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

"'Art-Life and Other Poems' almost places Mr. Hathaway on an equal standing with the most popular poets of the country."—*Chicago Times.*

"Some of the shorter lyrics would do credit to famed pens."—*Boston Traveler.*

"While we should pass many of these poems by as unattractive at a first glance, a little peep here and there convinces us, that the writer is not only possessed of the true inspiration, but that he is competent to express his thoughts in felicitous language."—*Inter-Ocean.*

"The reading public will find it amply fit to hold its place among American poems."—*Quincy Whig.*

"His name is a new one in the literary world, but if this little book is an index of his power, it is destined to become widely known."—*Peoria Transcript.*

". . His writings indicate talent of a high order. There is much true poetry—beautiful thought in beautiful language—in the book."—*Jacksonville Journal.*

"Many of the poems are gems, and contain passages that would do credit to Dryden, whom his style somewhat resembles."—*Bay City Daily Tribune.*

"The author of this volume has poetic genius. There are many passages, in different poems, of surpassing beauty."—*St. Louis Central Baptist.*

"The collection will be very welcome to those who love quiet, home and fireside poetry."—*Cleveland Herald.*

"Mr. Hathaway has undoubtedly poetic inspiration and a broad and fertile imagination. . . . His poems are of a class which show culture and genius, and have the merits of originality, fervor, imagination and truth."—*Sacramento Record Union.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"*Matured and finished in Construction.*"—N. C. INDEPENDENT.

"This is a volume of poems by a new poet—and we use this name in its true spiritual and artistic sense. The author starts up like a bird from some woodland seclusion—soaring on strong wings and singing new songs, and he must attract attention. . . . If a critical reader were to open the book carelessly at any page and read a poem, his interest would inevitably be awakened to such an extent that he would turn to the title-page to discover the author. There he would find an unknown name in literature, and he would be infinitely surprised. Then in the spirit of a discoverer he would read every poem in the book and continually wonder where this sweet and accomplished singer could have been hiding himself so long. . . . Hathaway is not a crude versifier. He has been long in study and practice somewhere. He is a master of versification and embodies his thought in beautiful forms. They are new forms too, and not fantastical either. The flow of the verses is always in perfect harmony with the poetic idea. They sometimes come in torrents and sweep into an expanse of broad thought, which mirrors the calm of nature and the repose of the sympathizing soul that is singing its song for relief from its fullness of music and power. The book is a hymned prayer for power, and the substance of the prayer is work. The artistic longing, the potent aspiration, is answered in true song. 'Art-Life' is in the key of Byron's Childe Harold, so far as the reflective passages can form a parallel. The several 'Voices from Nature' are in Shelley's purely spiritual tone. Thus these songs of a new poet remind one of the qualities of some of the old singers, whose voices forever echo in our ears. And this genuine singer of Little Prairie Ronde, Michigan, will certainly be heard from again."—*St. Louis Republican.*

"A Michigan *poet*, worthy of the name."—*Grand Rapids Evening Post.*

"Throughout these records of a quiet country life, are scattered gems of poetry, thought and sentiment that will well repay perusal and possession of the volume. A forest ramble or an aimless stroll upon the beach would be enriched by the companionship which many of these short poems might furnish. One sentiment runs through all the poems—the glory and reward of labor—development,—Art taken in its broadest sense,—Creation. Love is the inspiration of Art, and Art the destined means for the attainment of perfectness."—*Port Huron Times.*

"While it may be too soon to say that a new poet has appeared, it is very certain that the poems comprising this volume are of more than ordinary merit. They are characterized by smoothness of versification, a felicity of expression, elegance of language and beauty of imagery. Some of the descriptive poems would do credit to poets of established reputation, so clear and beautiful are the pictures presented; while others display a vigor of thought and expression quite rare in the poetry of the day. The poems, while good in themselves, are a promise of better to come."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

